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THE ASSASSINATION.

In addition to the interesting sketches which we gave last week relating to Booth's capture we are able this week to give illustrations of Garrett's house, on the porch of which Booth died, the ruins of Garrett's barn in which the assassin was shot, and the house in which Harold resided near the Navy-yard at Washington.

The case against the assassins develops new features. President Johnson has issued a proclamation declaring that there is evidence in the Military Bureau which implicates in the assassination Jefferson Davis, Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay, George Sanders, Beverly Tucker, and other rebels, and offering $100,000 for the capture within the United States of Davis, and $25,000 each for the capture of the others. What this evidence is we can only vaguely conjecture, and therefore leave to further development. The fact that George Sanders and Beverly Tucker have, after most sturdily protesting their innocence, deemed it after all wiser to flee from justice, will not tend to produce a conviction of their innocence.

We give an illustration on page 317 of a meeting held in Johnson Square, Savannah, April 22, to take action in regard to the death of President Lincoln.

Dr. VALENTINE MOTT.

Valentine Mott, M.D., LL.D., whose portrait we give on page 317, died on the 26th of April at his residence, No. 1 Gramercy Park. He was one of the most eminent among our citizens, and will be remembered not only as a very skillful surgeon but also as a kind and philanthropic man. He was born at Glencove, Long Island, August 22, 1785. His father, Dr. Henry Mott, was for many years a practicing physician in this city. The son graduated at Columbia College in 1806, and immediately went to Europe, where he pursued his studies with great ardor and success.

At the age of twenty-four Dr. Mott was called to fill the chair of Surgery at Columbia College, remaining there until 1813. In 1820, he, with Drs. Hosack, Mitchell, Francis, and others, established the Rutgers Medical College. About 1830 he began to devote his time to lectures and instruction, and his great abilities have ever since been the pride of the profession. His position as a surgeon was second to no living professor, and challenged from the renowned Sir Astley Cooper the remarkable eulogy: "He has performed more of the great operations than any man living, or that ever did live." Dr. Mott has left several works of great value to science and literature, among them a translation of "Velpeau's Surgery," the "Mott Cliniques," "Travels in Europe and the East," "Transactions of the New York Academy of Medicine," etc. Like the departure of Hosack, Mitchell, and Francis, his co-laborers, the death of Dr. Mott will mark an era in the history of the profession.

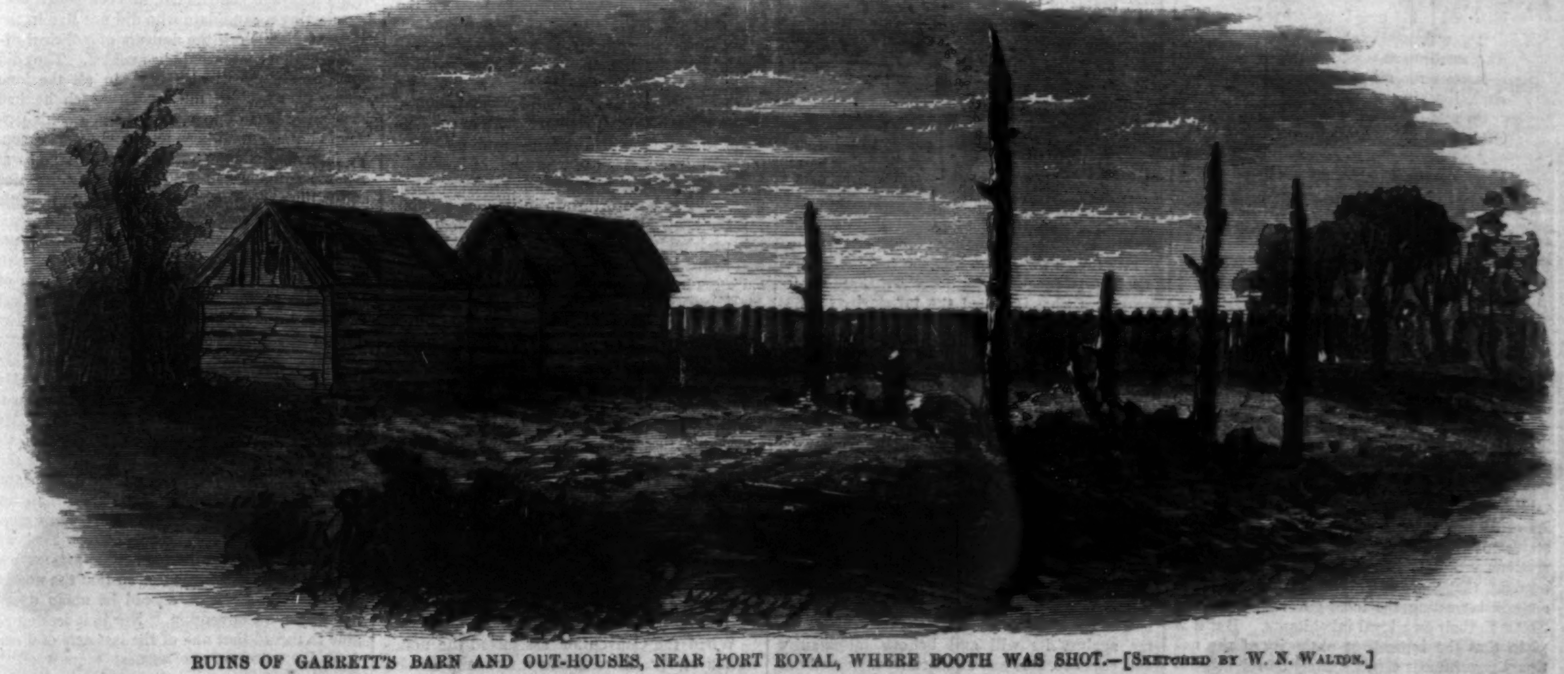
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

After its departure from New York city the funeral cortége moved on its way to Springfield, where Mr. Lincoln was buried May 4, 1865.

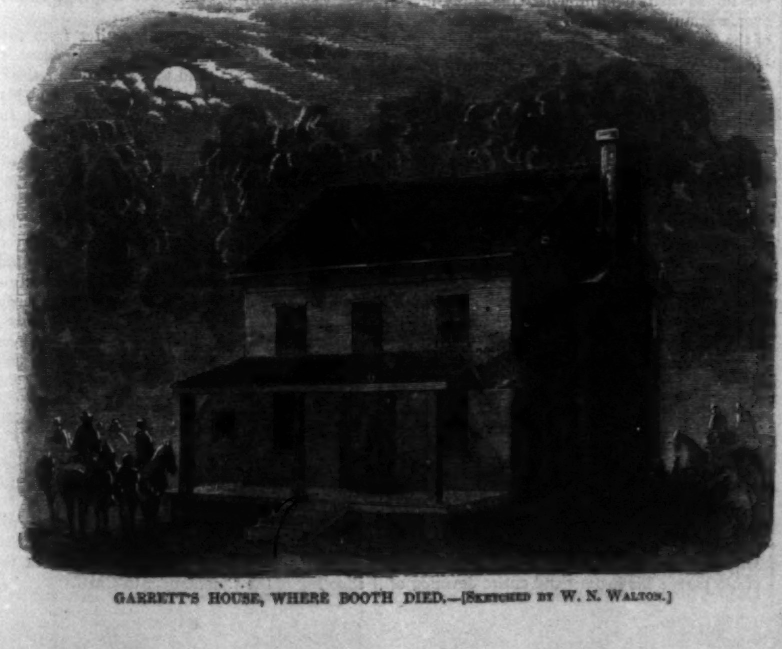
We give on pages 308, 309, and 317 illustrations of the ceremonies along the line of the procession. At Sing Sing a magnificent memorial arch was erected by the citizens over the Hudson River Railroad, of which we give a sketch on page 317. The arch was 41 feet span outside, and 33 feet high, and rested upon two pedestals. The whole was surmounted by an urn, 7½ feet high, from which drooped the American flag. Over the urn was thrown a wreath of ivy.

At Cleveland the train arrived on the 28th. A building had been erected for the especial purpose of receiving the remains. The building was twenty-four by thirty-six feet in dimensions, and was fourteen feet high from ground to plate. The roof was of pagoda style, and the rafters were covered with white cloth. Over the centre of the main roof, and directly over the catafalque, a second roof was raised about four feet, and covered in like manner. The catafalque consisted of a raised dais, four by twelve feet on the ground. The coffin rested [illegible] this dais about two feet above the floor. On the [illegible] corners stood columns supporting a canopy. T[illegible] columns were draped and wreathed with evergr[illegible] white flowers in the most beautiful manner, [illegible]ling of the building was hung with beautiful [illegible]ons of evergreen and flowers, while the four [illegible] which sustained on either side the pagoda ro[illegible]ere hung with large rosettes of mingled evergr[illegible]nd magnolia of two varieties. Appropriate drapery hung from the cornice of the building, and swung from pillar to pillar of the fairy structure. Gas lamps were attached to the pillars of the catafalque and to other points of the building, so that the remains could be easily seen at night, and to good advantage.

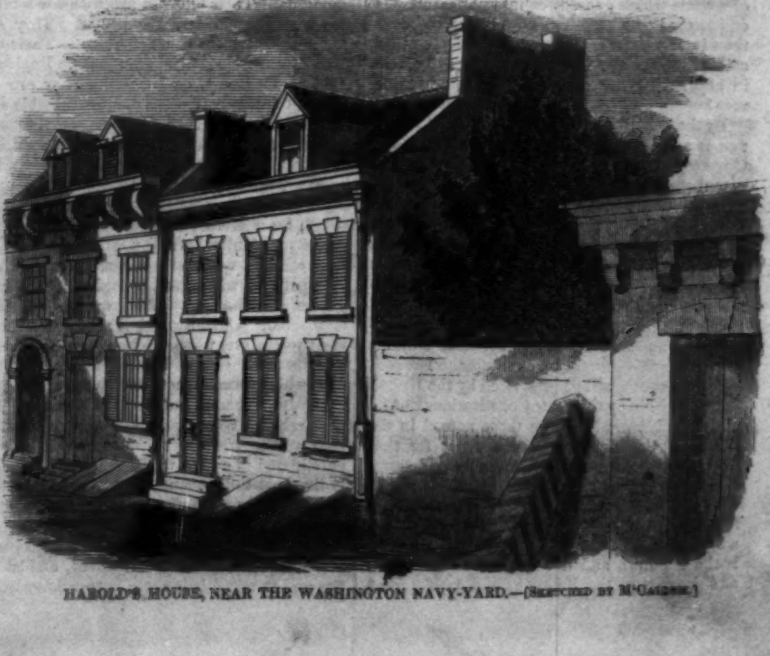
At Chicago the demonstration was, if possible, more impressive than at any other stage of the route. Among these was an escort of torches to the funeral train, showing the cortége as it passed to thousands who were themselves wrapped in darkness. On page 309 we illustrate the scene at the reception of the remains at Chicago. When the



RUINS OF GARRETT'S BARN AND OUT-HOUSES, NEAR PORT ROYAL, WHERE BOOTH WAS SHOT.—[Sketched by W. N. Walton.]



GARRETT'S HOUSE, WHERE BOOTH DIED.—[Sketched by W. N. Walton.]



HAROLD'S HOUSE, NEAR THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.—[Sketched by M'Ca[illegible].]

funeral car passed under a magnificent arch thirty-six young ladies in white placed wreaths upon the coffin or car. On page 308 there is an illustration of the catafalque upon which the coffin was laid at the City Hall.

From Chicago the train proceeded on its way to Springfield.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"Oh! weep not, weep not, mother,
And dry your tears, fond wife,
Your sorrow is not anguish,
You have not *lost* a life;
You, with a proud, sweet sadness,
In all the after-days,
Shall hear his name but uttered
In tones of loving praise;

"And all shall joy in telling
How in his happy youth,
With steadfastness unshaken,
He died to serve the truth;
While I, in bitter wailing,
Can only bow my head,
My heart alone preserving
The memory of my dead.

"For few among the many
Of all we daily meet
Will ever care to cherish
The ones who met defeat—
And yet he fought as bravely
As cheerfully he died,
No service to his country
Had ever been denied."

Thus spoke she, standing sadly,
In the doorway of the room;
Before her lay the sunshine,
Behind her lay the gloom;
She could not take the token
The light around her shed—
Her heart was ever sighing,
"My day of joy has fled!"

At last, with sudden courage,
She raised her timid eyes—
What sight had changed her pallor
To such a glad surprise?
What form is that approaching?
Whose arms enfold her now?
Whose lips are pressing kisses
On lip, and cheek, and brow?

His own! his own! no other!
Oh, welcome back again!
The swelling tide of rapture
Atones for all the pain;
And, listening to the story,
So seldom heard below,
Of light instead of darkness,
And joy instead of woe—
Her heart is singing praises
That he indeed was spared,
And in the hour of triumph
With double joy had shared.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 20, 1865.

THE BLACKS AND THE BALLOT.

In his excellent proclamation to the people of North Carolina General Schofield announces that the United States troops will protect them "until a civil government can be established in harmony with the Constitution and Laws of the United States." This is a clear statement of the exact situation of the late insurrectionary States. It is desirable, upon every account, that there shall be as little delay as possible in intrusting the local government of the States to their own loyal inhabitants. But it is plain that the immediate authority of the national government can not safely be relaxed until that proportion of the adult male population of a State which guarantees internal security is empowered to vote. The question of the hour then is, when the Government is ready to allow an election for any purpose whatever to be held in any such State, who shall be permitted to vote?

By the Constitution of Virginia R. M. T. Hunter is a legal voter in that State. Would the Government of the United States allow him to vote there now? Undoubtedly not. The Constitution of South Carolina did, and probably does, allow only those to vote who own ten slaves or ten thousand dollars. Would not the Government of the United States now permit other persons to vote there? Undoubtedly. There is no authority at present in Virginia and South Carolina except that of the United States; and they, and no other power, will decide who is to vote in reconstructing those States. The conditions of voting will be prescribed by the United States, and not by the State Constitutions. And if the conditions should be those named in the Constitutions they will be valid, not for that reason, but because the United States so determine.

In the States of which we speak there are three classes: the hopeless rebels, the poorer whites, and the blacks. The first of these classes is the smallest, and it will be always disloyal and dangerous, the Bourbons and Jacobites of American politics. The second and third are very large. Together they form the great majority of the population. By the census of 1860 it appears that, in the eleven late rebel States, the exact numbers were 5,447,222 whites, and 3,666,110 colored and Indian population. The present proportion is undoubtedly more favorable to the blacks. In two of the States they are a majority of the whole population. In five others they are more than one-third, and in every one of the old Slaves States they are enough, when united with the loyal whites, to control the State. Upon what good grounds, therefore, can the ballot be refused to the loyal black citizens of the Southern States? They are the sturdy working-class. They have always been unfalteringly true to the Government. Had they been otherwise—had they made common cause with the rebels chiefs, as the poorer whites were obliged to do—the triumph of the Government would have been indefinitely delayed. They are free men, and the plainest good policy requires that their self-respect be aroused, and their willing industry encouraged, without which no class of citizens is contented or valuable. There is but one way of securing this result. It is to give them the ballot.

That the mass of the population at the South, both white and black, is ignorant, is very true. But so are great masses of the Northern voters. Education is a good thing; but it appears that some of the stanchest patriots in the land can not read, and that some of the basest traitors are highly educated. Education, although at the expense of their country, did not prevent Lee and his associates from trying to destroy their country. Robert Smalls, whether he can read or not, is to our thinking a much sounder and safer voter than Robert Toombs. Any black man who has succored a Union soldier escaping from the tortures of rebellious slavery is quite as able to vote wisely as the extremely accomplished Judah Benjamin, or Pierre Soulé, or Alexander H. Stephens, or John Slidell, or Wade Hampton, or Charles J. Faulkner.

The question is not whether, abstractly, political privilege should depend upon education. It is, whether in States, which we wish to restore to their peculiar action in our national system at the earliest moment, we shall require conditions of our black fellow-countrymen whose fidelity has saved the nation which are not required of the whites in the same States, nor in other States of ignorant foreigners who can not speak our language, and who have no especial interest in our institutions. Instruct them, say some, and their political rights will follow. But why is that not equally true of the whites? If ignorance is the difficulty, why intrust the States to ignorant white men? By such a plan a discrimination is made at the outset based upon color. The Government says, in effect, that ignorant loyal men who are black are not fit to vote, but ignorant loyal men who are white are fit. The Government thus flings its whole weight against the ignorant men who have been true to it, and favors those who have been false. The mischief is incalculable. For by that act it recognizes what is called the inferiority of the blacks, which has been always urged as the reason for enslaving them. After such a precedent, is the class of ignorant white loyalists who have believed, and do still believe, that blacks are made to be slaves, likely to educate or enfranchise them? The whites may not be able to enslave the blacks, but they will in every way despise and degrade them. No disfranchised class has a fair chance. And the very fact that the blacks have been made personally free will make them discontented so long as they are disfranchised. They will presently refuse to be governed by a minority. If they can not have legal redress they will still try to redress themselves. Is this the way to peace?

The colored race was brought into this country against its will and by our inhumanity and cupidity. It has wonderfully increased until there are now some four millions of them among us. Their blood in every degree is mingled with the blood of the whites. They are men and Americans as much as we. Their ancestors came from Africa, as ours from England, Holland, Germany, or Ireland. They are an essential, integral, inevitable, most valuable and important part of our population. Having been enslaved, their color has been a sign of servility, and they have been made the victims of an inhuman prejudice and the objects of the most cruel partisan contempt. They have not resisted, for resistance was hopeless. They have protested silently by still wearing the form of man, of which we could not deprive them. Their long patience which merely hardened our hearts did not alienate God. Whom we forgot he remembered. Our history darkened. The State right to enslave, which we held ourselves bound to respect, struggled with the human right to be free, which we could not deny. The victims did not raise a hand, but the crisis came. The political and commercial effort to outrage nature and to treat men as brutes and chattels culminated in a civil war which has spent costly lives not to be counted, and wasted the long accumulated profits of our sin. It has steeped us in blood to our lips, and utterly failed; and kneeling among the dead and mangled bodies of our first-born and best beloved, amidst the fire and storm of battle, we have acknowledged that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth.

We have now the power and the opportunity of settling this question of the colored race in this country which has rent us from the beginning, and will heave and harry us until it is put honorably to rest. We have already declared them to be men and citizens. Our Government rests upon the broad principle that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed. For that principle the colored men fought with our fathers in the Revolution; and side by side in the fiercest fields of this war they have defended it side by side with our brothers. Within the enemy's lines they have been the guides, the messengers, the friends upon whom we have uniformly relied. To see a black face was to find a true heart. Do we mean to be as faithful and honorable and friendly as they have been? Do we mean to trust them as they have trusted us? Do we mean to give them the chance of securing their own welfare as we have the chance of securing ours? Do we mean to be just? If we do, we shall give them a vote in the reconstruction of the insurrectionary States. If we are unwilling to do it, our victory has come too soon, and we shall pay the penalty of premature success.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

For some time after the late terrible events it was feared that Mr. Seward might have been so seriously injured by his accident and the subsequent murderous assault as to be compelled to retire from the public service. As that apprehension has been happily dispelled, and as the characteristic assertion of some of the Northern friends of the rebellion that Mr. Seward ought to retire because his presence in the Cabinet would be so distasteful to Messrs. Lee, Davis, Wigfall, & Company as to disincline them to submission, has also disappeared in derisive laughter, it is now insinuated by those who suggest what they desire that President Johnson's policy will not have the cordial support of the Secretary, and that therefore Mr. Seward will resign. Those who say this are not aware, perhaps, that Mr. Seward's friends in the Baltimore Convention of last June secured the nomination of Mr. Johnson as Vice-President, and that it is therefore a great waste of ingenuity to assume any grave difference between the President and Secretary in their general policy.

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward had served together in the Senate, where they were firm personal friends. There Mr. Seward had seen that his fellow-Senator, a land-reformer, a stern Union man, a trusted representative of the people of the South as distinguished from the planting aristocracy, was the very kind of leader by whom the political power of the aristocracy was ultimately to be overthrown in its own section. Mr. Seward had watched Mr. Johnson's heroic position in the dark winter of 1860-'61. He had heard his terrible denunciation of the conspirators in the Senate. As Secretary of State Mr. Seward had supported Mr. Lincoln's "Border-State policy," as it was impatiently called; and it was while pursuing that policy that Mr. Lincoln had appointed his friend Mr. Johnson Military Governor of Tennessee. With his administration there Mr. Seward had been, of course, officially familiar.

As the time for the meeting of the Union nominating Convention approached, the perilous chances of the civil war made it essential that a candidate for the Vice-Presidency should be named whose character and career certified that, in case of his succession to the Presidency, the established policy of the Government would not be changed or menaced. And we venture to say that the man whose nomination Mr. Seward most earnestly desired was Andrew Johnson.

When the Convention assembled the nomination of Mr. Lincoln was a foregone conclusion. But the candidate for the Vice-Presidency was not so easily determined. One point, however, was universally admitted by the wiser part of the Convention. Pure and honorable as Mr. Hamlin's career had been, and personally unexceptionable as he was, his nomination was not advisable. As the Convention was composed of men who had heretofore acted with different political parties, political comity required that the Union Convention of 1864 should not repeat the party action of the Republican Convention of 1860, but, by naming a candidate formerly identified with the Democratic party, should prove that it appealed to no partisan traditions, but to the hearty sympathy of all Union men in the country. Who should this candidate be? It was upon this question that the caucusing of the Convention turned. For whom would the sixty-six votes of New York be cast? As they went, so would the Convention probably go. It was soon clear that the choice practically lay between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Dickinson of New York, and it seems to us indisputable that the final decision was made in the caucus of the New York delegation, and made by the friends of Mr. Seward in favor of Andrew Johnson.

Mr. Lyman Tremaine, the old political friend of Mr. Dickinson, very properly and very powerfully led the Dickinson movement. Mr. Dickinson's long identification with the Democratic party; his instant and entire devotion of all his powers to the cause of the Union and the Government; his incessant and effective service from the outbreak of the war; his vast majority of one hundred and eight thousand votes in his own State as the Union candidate for Attorney General showing his great popularity in the State which it was necessary to carry at the Presidential election; his national fame; his spotless character; his heroic repudiation of old party ties; all these arguments were pungently and impressively presented by Mr. Tremaine, without an unkind word against any other candidate, and with an applause both in the caucus and Convention which showed how hearty was the appreciation of Mr. Dickinson's claims and character among that great representative body of faithful American citizens. In the caucus of the New York delegation Mr. Tremaine was supported by some who had no sympathy whatever with the party to which he and Mr. Dickinson had belonged, but who regarded the latter gentleman as a conspicuous national representative of what was called the War Democracy, and who thought that his nomination would greatly strengthen the ticket in the State of New York.

The discussion in the caucus was animated and exciting. It betrayed the differences and animosities which prevail in New York politics. But the one thing steadily obvious in all the tumultuous conflict of opinion was that the friends of Mr. Seward were favorable to Andrew Johnson. Mr. Preston King and Mr. Raymond tranquilly urged the irresistible advantages of a candidate who was a Southerner, a Border-State man, an old Democrat, yet a Union man who had been tried in the fire of the hate of the rebel chiefs whom he had denounced. They pleaded his solitary fidelity in the midst of the defection of his old associates in the Senate; his actual sufferings in the cause; the great confidence reposed in him by Mr. Lincoln, who had intrusted to him one of the most difficult and delicate of responsibilities at a most critical time. They depicted the cordial sympathy between the President and Mr. Johnson, and the rare popularity among the people of a man who had been born and bred in the humblest circumstances, yet who had risen to merited distinction. They recounted his services and his long practical experience of public life. They pointed to his administration of Tennessee, which only the bitter enemies of the Government and friends of the rebellion condemned, and contended that by selecting a candidate who did not live in the State of New York the dangers of political division in that State would be avoided. They did not forget to recall also that, in all the long course of a public life during which he had been an ardent and conspicuous actor, his personal character had been unsullied by suspicion. No man could deny that Andrew Johnson was a name so identified with unswerving devotion and willing sacrifice to the country that it would be hailed with vast popular enthusiasm.

Meanwhile Mr. Dickinson's friends were not idle, and his chances were imposing. Mr. Simon Cameron came to offer the fifty-two votes of Pennsylvania for Mr. Dickinson if New York would unite upon him. Many of the New England delegations were ready to adopt him upon the same condition. But the friends of Mr. Seward, without denying the claims of Mr. Dickinson, still held firmly that it was wiser to nominate Mr. Johnson. Had they yielded, Mr. Johnson would not now be President of the United States. It is pleasant to remember that when afterward in the Convention it appeared that Mr. Johnson had a larger vote than any other candidate, the friends of Mr. Dickinson at once acquiesced. The vote of New York was thrown as a unit, and it was Mr. Tremaine who promptly and honorably moved that the nomination of Mr. Johnson should be made unanimous by the Convention. Nor is it less agreeable to record that one of the last acts of President Lincoln, at the earnest request of the Secretary of State, was the appointment of Mr. Dickinson, to his own great surprise, to his present responsible post.

If, therefore, Mr. Seward retires from the Cabinet, it will not be because the President is not of his choice. And why should he retire? He is in the ripeness of his powers, and his work is not yet done. Who would do it so well as he?

THE ASSASSINATION PLOT.

If it seems too incredible to be true that the conspicuous rebel chiefs were accessory to the assassination of President Lincoln, it should be remembered that the crime is no more atrocious than many of which they are notoriously guilty.

It is surely not so black a crime to shoot one man as to murder hundreds of men by starvation. Yet that was done, and done with the knowledge of these chiefs who by a word could have prevented it. The poor crazed, emaciated, dying soldiers who were sent to Annapolis from within the rebel lines were tortured and slain with the complicity of Davis, Lee, Benjamin, and the rest. The fact of the starvation can not be denied. The proof is conclusive. And the men who would starve a sergeant or a private are not too honorable to connive at the shooting of the Commander-in-Chief.

The villains who tried to throw railroad trains from the track—who descended upon remote inland villages to pillage, burn, and kill—who would have burned down museums and hotels full of innocent women and children—who bought plague-tainted rags to disseminate promiscuous death—are surely not too virtuous to poison wells or to murder with the pistol or knife. And the men who did these things bore the commissions and pleaded the authority of Jefferson Davis and his Confederates. Did Davis or Hunter or any of the chiefs ever repudiate these acts? On the contrary, the Richmond rebel Congress adopted the crimes of Beall and made them their own.

Those who begin and prosecute a bloody war for the destruction of a mild and equal Government, and for the sole purpose of perpetuating the most odious outrage upon human nature—who deliberately spurn and deny the most sacred rights of man, embark in an enterprise of which arson, theft, assassination, and every form of inhumanity are the natural means and allies. Slavery imbrutes the masters, at least, whatever it does to the slaves. The spirit of a society which honored and applauded Brooks for trying to murder Senator Sumner is not too humane to inspire Booth to murder President Lincoln.

Individuals, of course, will be held innocent until they are proved to be guilty. But the guilt in one point of those who are guilty in others quite as revolting, is not improbable. You may be as innocent as you assert, said the housekeeper to a man whom he found in his silver closet; you may not have stolen my purse, but what are my spoons doing in your pocket?

LABOR AT THE SOUTH.

We are glad to see that General Schofield, who commands in North Carolina, has issued a proclamation calling attention to the fact that the persons formerly held as slaves in that State are now free, and exhorting them to go to work, and to make their own bargains with such employers as they choose. General Halleck, in Virginia, has issued a similar proclamation, but announces that for minors not cared for by parents the apprenticeship system will be introduced as soon as possible. Of course this intention includes minors of all races and colors. But General Halleck will soon learn that no forcible general apprenticeship system will work.

Both of the proclamations recommend the masters to acquiesce in the new order. This is wise, for the practical difficulty in emancipation always proceeds from the masters, not from the slaves. This has been curiously illustrated in some parts of the British West Indies, where the planters refused to submit heartily to the conditions of the case. They would not pay fair average wages. The laborers withdrew to the bush, and lived quietly and humbly there. The great estates languished. The crops failed, and the sullen proprietors, who were too angry and foolish to hire laborers upon fair terms, swore at the sentimental fanaticism which had ruined the fortunes of West India gentlemen.

But it does not seem to a candid mind a very terrible misfortune that gentlemen who have been living luxuriously without paying any wages for labor should be a little straitened because they can no longer force men to work for them for nothing. "Good for nothing, shiftless set!" sneered the planting gentlemen; "we knew they would not work without the whip." But if not working argues that a man is good for nothing, what were the planting gentlemen good for?

If the former masters of slaves in this country are wise they will not follow the West Indian examples.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

As we suggested last week, the President of the Christian Commission has hastened to disavow the act of a Rev. Dr. Parker and seven others in calling "to pay their respects" to Robert E. Lee. He states that Dr. Parker is not connected with the Christian Commission, but is a member of the American Union Commission, and asserts that no authorized representative of the Christian Commission has ever called upon General Lee; and if any person connected with that body has so far forgotten his duty and self-respect, his conduct is severely condemned by the Commission.

The universal indignation with which the story of this call has been received shows how general and profound is the national conviction that the chief soldier of rebellion is not considered a person to be "respected" by loyal men. The maudlin sentimentality which could call General Lee "magnanimous" has been most impressively rebuked.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

It is an agreeable duty to record that Professor Goldwin Smith, whose delightful paper upon the "University of Oxford," the first part of which was published in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and which will be concluded in the June number, requested that the sum he was to receive from it should be given to the National Freedmen's Association. He thus adds another to his many practical tokens of sympathy for our cause which are already known. The friends of Professor Smith will hear with regret that his physician forbids another visit to America, which he was contemplating. There is no man in England more justly honored by this country than Goldwin Smith, and none who will more sincerely rejoice in our great success or more fully comprehend its scope and significance.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

In the large hall Mr. W. H. Furness has a portrait, No. 425, which pleases us more than any in the exhibition. The fine, firm modeling of the head, the force of the painting, and the skill with which the expression is seized and perpetuated, are all remarkable. The work is hard in some parts. The hands are awkwardly placed, and the drapery is rather stiff. But there is so much conscience and delicacy and power in the picture that a place in the first rank of our portrait painters can not be denied to the artist. His evident respect for his art, his subject, and himself, are inspiring, and give the work a sincerity which we find in few portraits. The fascination of a face in which archness is overflowed by serious sweetness, the virgin dignity of the figure, a lark-like purity of impression—

> "True to the kindred points of heaven and home,"

are rendered simply, and with a careful detail which does not destroy the technical breadth of the work. It is a picture as carefully studied as a poem. The artist has evidently not thrown it off, or dashed it in. He has worked at it with knowledge and patience and sympathy, and the result is worth all the pains and doubts and thoughts it has cost him. It is not pleasant to make comparisons by name. But let the spectator stand before No. 425 and compare it with some portraits near it, large and small. This is not muddy, nor mottled, nor superficial. It is not dramatic, nor vulgar, nor cold, nor conventional. It is solid, thoughtful, tranquil, and superlatively honest. The artist has evidently much to do. Every truly good picture shows the painter and the spectator how much lies beyond. But the fidelity and skill which this portrait reveals are the best possible auguries of the future works of Mr. Furness, for which we shall look with entire faith in their increasing excellence.

Near by, No. 423, by R. M. Staigg, is another admirable portrait. It has a certain refined and elegant character, and although wrought with great delicacy is not weak or frivolous. Mr. Staigg has ascended from miniature to portraiture with remarkable success. His pictures are always notable for a modest repose, which is as delightful in art as in life, as charming upon the walls as upon the floor of the exhibition.

"Passing into the Shade" (318), by George H. Boughton, is a delightful picture. To see it upon your wall would be like a constant glimpse into a cheerful autumn landscape. For it is autumn in the picture, but not sadness altogether, nor decay. Two old French peasant women are advancing over withered leaves into the shade of the wood. They are very poor. Their dress is very coarse, and they stump along in *sabots*. One bends forward slightly, her eyes cast down. She leans upon a stick on one side, and upon the other on the arm of her friend. She is sober, doubtful, sad. As she goes deeper into the shadow, does she possibly recall, has she ever heard—from some gay artist sketching at her door, perhaps, in other years and singing the summer away—the yearning regret for youth and love breathed in Beranger's "Garret?" Does she too remember, and wistfully, with her old heart aching, recall

> "The hopes that dawned at twenty when I dwelt
> In attic cell!"

If she does, her companion does not. With cheery face uplifted, rude, ignorant, but brightly confident, she supports her bending sister and moves erectly forward into a shadow that can not dismay, and with a faith which fills the deepening autumn wood with all the bird voices and flowers and buds of spring. It is long since we have seen a more imaginative or poetic picture. Yet it is entirely unobtrusive. It is poetic not sensational.

"A Lost Mind" (601), by Elihu Vedder, is an interesting but painful picture. Yet a picture which leaves a painful impression still lacks an essential quality. Mr. Vedder's "Sea Serpent" of last year we can hardly recall now without a shudder. That is a tribute certainly to the talent of the painter, but not to the character of the picture. "A Lost Mind" might be Hagar, if there were an Ishmael. That is to say, that it is not at once seen to be an insane woman. Yet it is a work which commands attention. There is nothing commonplace in it. Indeed, the heaving, startling, restless hurry of the movement is most striking. The bare cliff, the blank sands behind, and on, on, no matter what lies before, on, on; and as you gaze steadfastly it seems as if she might stride forth out of the canvas. Just above to the left is another sketch by Vedder, "Jane Jackson, formerly a slave" (589). It is a head merely, but there is a quaint vigor in the sketch which well befits the strange, dusky, tragical face. Yet our great romancer, Hawthorne, thought we had no material for romances in this country!

Among the landscapes, Mr. Jervis M'Entee's "Last of October" (291) is admirable for its fidelity to the spirit and aspect of the American autumn. No artist seems to feel every part of his pictures more conscientiously than M'Entee. Every twig and tendril and leaf and spire of grass is as affectionately rendered as the whole scene, and this without the technical Pre-Raphaelite treatment, but with a fidelity that reveals the enamored eye and the sensitive heart. In M'Entee's landscapes there is not a careful study of the form only, there is also that transfusion of the soul and character of the scene which makes his works seem like reminiscences. This "Last of October," for instance, strikes the spectator like a remembered melody. He may hold the May anemones in his hand, but his heart is sobered by the actual presence of the sad, though splendid, autumn fields and woods. These pictures also are truly American, yet none the less romantic. Our landscape, even if unstoried, inspires such exquisite melody as Keats's "*La belle Dame sans Merci*" as much as any landscape Keats ever saw. This is the only picture Mr. M'Entee contributes. He has achieved the happy triumph of making the spectator wish for more.

PALM SUNDAY.

The joy of Palm Sunday was sadly overshadowed before the week was ended. But the great event of that day will be more and more gladly hailed as time passes. It was the day on which Grant, our peace-maker in chief, received the surrender of the head of the rebel armies, and by his magnanimity added new lustre to his laurels. Mr. Nast has simply and strikingly commemorated upon pages 312 and 313 of this paper the festival and the event which will be always associated with it in our history. The Lieutenant-General represents the true peace-makers, the fidelity, the love of liberty and union, and the unwavering resolution of the American people. These are the qualities which have conquered peace in the field, and they will confirm it in the council. Lee surrendering to Grant is barbarous feudalism yielding to Christian civilization.

Mr. PETER F. ROSENQUEST.

All who knew him will hear with the sincerest sorrow of the death of Peter F. Rosenquest, for many years foreman of the Bookbindery of Harper & Brothers. So faithful was this honorable and efficient man to his duty, so cheerful and serene in his demeanor, that the news of his death was a painful surprise even to some who had been in the constant habit of meeting him at his work. Mr. Rosenquest was a type of the intelligent, sagacious, industrious, and patriotic men who are the glory of this country. Throughout the war his loyalty has been devoted and inspiring. His heart was sensitive to every shadow of misfortune that darkened over us, and full of honest joy in our triumph. It is to the fidelity of such hearts that we owe the victory. Mr. Rosenquest had a true love of the work in which he excelled. He was always busy, and by preserving his self-respect never failed to secure that of his subordinates. He had been with the Harpers for thirty-three years, and their relations were never ruffled. His home was happy. His wife and children loved and honored him, and those who knew him best will mourn most truly the brave, kind, earnest, and honorable man.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The day of war bulletins is about over. There is no farther doubt respecting Dick Taylor's surrender, which has been made on terms similar to those granted to Lee. We wait to hear from Kirby Smith only before peace shall be known to have been fully consummated. It is reported that President Johnson has already submitted to his Cabinet a proclamation declaring peace throughout the country. The guerrilla stage of the war, about which there has been so much apprehension, will never probably be inaugurated upon any large scale. We hear of a few raids on railroad trains in some quarters; but the fact that these men will be liable to all the penalties which, in a time of peace, would attach to wantonness and violence, will deter even the more desperate from their outrages. It is certain that all the prominent rebel generals are opposed to operations from which the Southern people has far more to fear than the North. It is perhaps, after all, better for the country that rebel desperadoes *should* show their real temper by overt acts of insurrection, as this will more speedily insure their punishment.

It is now supposed that when Johnston first proposed a surrender his army numbered nearly 50,000 men. Of these about 20,000 started off in irregular bands the moment their General began to talk of capitulation. About 110 pieces of artillery were surrendered, and about 15,000 stand of arms. The following was General Johnston's farewell order to his troops:

"Head-quarters Army of the Tennessee,
Near Greensborough, *May* 2, 1865.

"Comrades,—In terminating our official relations I expect you to observe the terms of the pacification agreed upon, and to discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens to the powers as well as you have performed the duties of soldiers in the field. By such a course you will secure comfort and restore tranquillity to your country. You will return to your homes with the admiration of our people, won by the courage and noble devotion you have displayed in this long war. I shall always remember with pride the loyal support you have given me. I part from you with regret, and bid you farewell with feelings of cordial friendship and with earnest wishes that you may prosper.

J. E. Johnston, General."

As soon as Major-General Schofield took command of the Department of North Carolina he issued the following important order in relation to the social *status* of the negroes in that State:

"To remove a doubt which seems to exist in the minds of some of the people of North Carolina, it is hereby declared that, by virtue of the proclamation of the President of the United States, dated January 1, 1863, all persons in this State heretofore held as slaves are now free, and that it is the duty of the army to maintain the freedom of such persons.

"It is recommended to the former masters of the freed men to employ them as hired servants at reasonable wages. And it is recommended to the freed men that, when allowed to do so, they remain with their former masters and labor faithfully so long as they shall be treated kindly and paid reasonable wages; or that they immediately seek employment elsewhere in the kind of work to which they are accustomed. It is not well for them to congregate about towns or military camps. They will not be supported in idleness."

General Wilson's cavalry command arrived at Savannah April 28, after having completed a most sweeping and magnificently successful tour of over six hundred and fifty miles through the heart of Alabama and Georgia, in a region of country before but little touched by the war. General Wilson left Chickasaw, Alabama, on the 22d of March, and moved southward through that State as far as Selma, in the mean time defeating and routing in several engagements the forces of Forrest, Roddy, Adams, and other notorious rebels, capturing towns and seizing and destroying immense amounts of rebel property. Thence he marched eastward and crossed into Georgia, carrying every thing before him. Four important towns, six thousand prisoners, over two hundred cannon, and large supplies of small-arms were captured, and five hundred million dollars' worth of property belonging to the rebel Government was destroyed. General Wilson's entire casualties were less than five hundred.

Captain Reed, who commanded the ram *Webb* on her recent exploit down the Red and Mississippi rivers, and several of his officers and crew, arrived as prisoners on board the gun-boat *Florida*, and are now under guard at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. It was Reed's design to take the *Webb* to Havana, destroying on the way all the national vessels he encountered, there sell his cargo of cotton, and then return and run the blockade of Galveston. Once in that harbor, he intended to convert his vessel into a torpedo-boat, and thus destroy or drive away the blockading fleet. Ninety-two out of the one hundred and twenty-five men belonging to the *Webb* were captured and taken to New Orleans.

It appears now that Davis will find hard work to escape. Stoneman's cavalry are close upon his heels in Georgia; and as he has turned westward in his flight there is good reason to hope that he will be intercepted by some of Wilson's cavalry. Telegraphic communication is open from Washington to Macon. It is said that the evidence in possession of the Government in regard to Davis's complicity in President Lincoln's murder is such that no foreign government will for a moment hesitate to give him up if he should succeed in making his escape. In regard to the assassination the Meridian *Clarion*, a rebel journal, says: "Wilkes Booth, we are told, was an actor in the Richmond theatre. He is said to be an illegitimate son of the great tragedian. We regret the truth of this story, if it be truth. We deem the independence of the South eminently desirable, but never dreamed that it was to be achieved by assassins. Providence rarely rewards crimes against which humanity revolts with the greatest blessings of which humanity dreams."

Now that our civil war is over, there is great uneasiness in some quarters lest the country should be left in quiet and peace. Advertisements are beginning to appear in some of our journals. The following is a sample:

"MEXICO—TO ALL OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

"Now that our war is over, all who wish to emigrate to Mexico, in accordance with the Mexican decree, will call at 258 Pennsylvania Avenue, and register their names and address, or address by note Colonel A. J. M., 380 E Street, Washington, D. C. Offices will also be opened in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. Office hours, at 258 Pennsylvania Avenue, between nine and four."

NEWS ITEMS.

General Halleck has established in Richmond a court whose duty will be to arbitrate and decide upon the right to the possession of real and personal property in that city and vicinity.

The Raleigh (North Carolina) *Progress* of the 2d inst. announces that it is now known in that city to be the settled policy of President Johnson to entirely ignore Governor Vance and the rebel Legislature of that State.

The Tennessee Senate has adopted a resolution in favor of offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the fugitive rebel self-styled Governor of that State, Isham G. Harris.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Our foreign files this week are of unusual interest. The comments made by the English journals on Lee's surrender are characteristic. Those more in sympathy with the rebellion were not yet willing to believe that the Confederacy was subdued.

The London *Times* speaks eulogistically of our great Generals: "The war has brought out commanders of ability in the persons of Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman. These drilled and disciplined their mixed forces until they were fit for every contingency of war, and when this was done the end of the Confederacy was plainly near. The superiority of the Federal armies enabled them to prevail in actual conflict; their progress in discipline enabled them to take advantage of victory. Two years ago General Lee would probably have escaped to Lynchburg, even after such a defeat as that which he sustained the other day. But now the Federal Generals move with the rapidity and attack with the promptness of Napoleon's marshals. Their cavalry, which at the beginning of the war was the laughing-stock of the Confederates, is now excellent, and they know how to use with effect the plentiful appliances of warfare with which their Government can furnish them. If the North has not gained in this struggle that reputation for desperate valor which has been achieved by the Confederates, they have shown a patience, a fortitude, and an energy which entitle them to rank among the very first of military nations. They have now sufficiently shown that the attempt to establish the Southern Confederacy must be abandoned."

The news of President Lincoln's assassination created the most intense excitement. The Liverpool *Post* the next day was printed in mourning. The London *Times* editorially says that the news will be received throughout Europe with a sorrow as sincere and profound as it awoke even in the United States. Mr. Lincoln's perfect honesty speedily became apparent, and Englishmen learned to respect him. It also says: "Unjust as we believe it to be, the Confederate cause will not escape the dishonor cast upon it by these wanton murders."

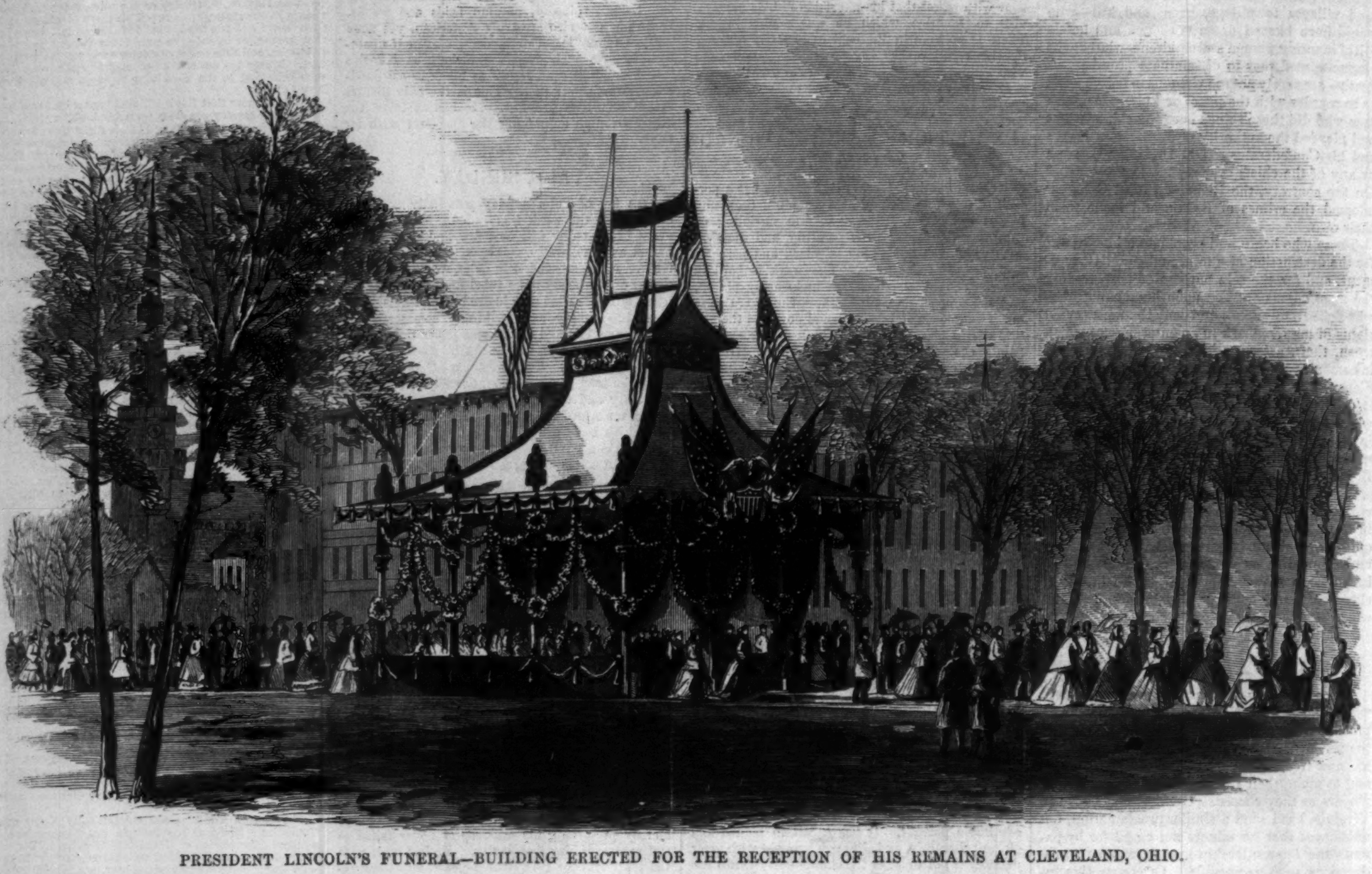
The London *Telegraph* says: "From vulgar corruption, from factious hatred, from meanest jealousy and uncharitableness, this great ruler was wholly free. At last came what seemed to be the fruition of his labor—the reward of his patience and courage. He entered Richmond as a conqueror, but he launched no decree of proscription against the South, for the fight appeared to him to be over, and it was not in his large heart to bear malice against a beaten foe. He spoke very kindly of General Lee, says Secretary Stanton; and on that same night that he pleaded for mercy and for peace a villain killed him. Not for Lincoln himself can the end be considered as unhappy."

On Wednesday there was only a day session of Parliament. The attendance was very slim, only about sixty members being present. They all signed the following address, which was presented the same evening to Mr. Adams:

"We, the undersigned members of the House of Commons, have learned, with the deepest regret and horror, that the President of the United States has been deprived of life by an act of violence, and we desire to express our sympathy at the sad event to the American Minister now in London, as well as to declare our hope and confidence in the future of that great country, which we trust will continue to be associated with enlightened freedom and peaceful relations with this and every other country."

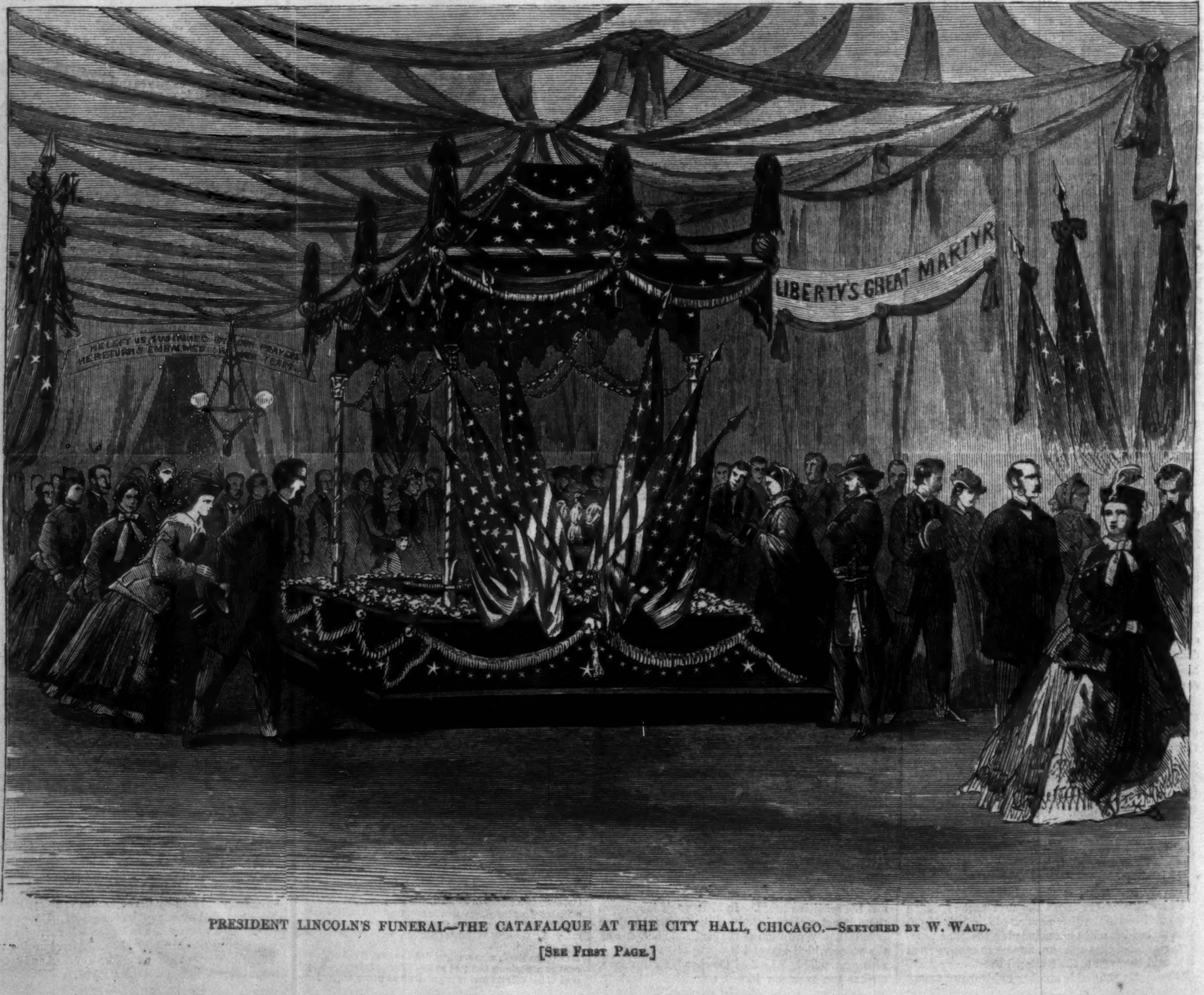
END OF THE REBEL RAM "WEBB."

On Monday, April 24, the rebel ram *Webb* passed New Orleans having escaped from Red River. The excitement in New Orleans was very great, and astonished crowds ran on the levee to witness the extraordinary spectacle. She passed under a full head of steam and hoisted the rebel flag. The *Hollyhock* followed in pursuit, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Gheradi. After running some 24 miles below New Orleans Captain Reed, of the *Webb*, discovered that not only was the *Hollyhock* in pursuit but that the *Richmond* was coming up in her front. The *Webb* turned, but when the *Hollyhock* dashed straight at her, she ran in shore, and the officers and crew, springing on the levee, fled into the swamps, first firing the vessel in several places. The United States vessel sent out boats, and the *Webb* was boarded and every effort made to subdue the flames, but in vain. Upon entering the engine-room a man was found lying asleep, who had been cruelly abandoned by his comrades to a fiery death. He was saved by our gallant seamen. His name is Charles Preston. The place where the vessel was burned was M'Call's Flats. After burning two hours the vessel blew up. Two hundred and seventeen bales of cotton were destroyed.



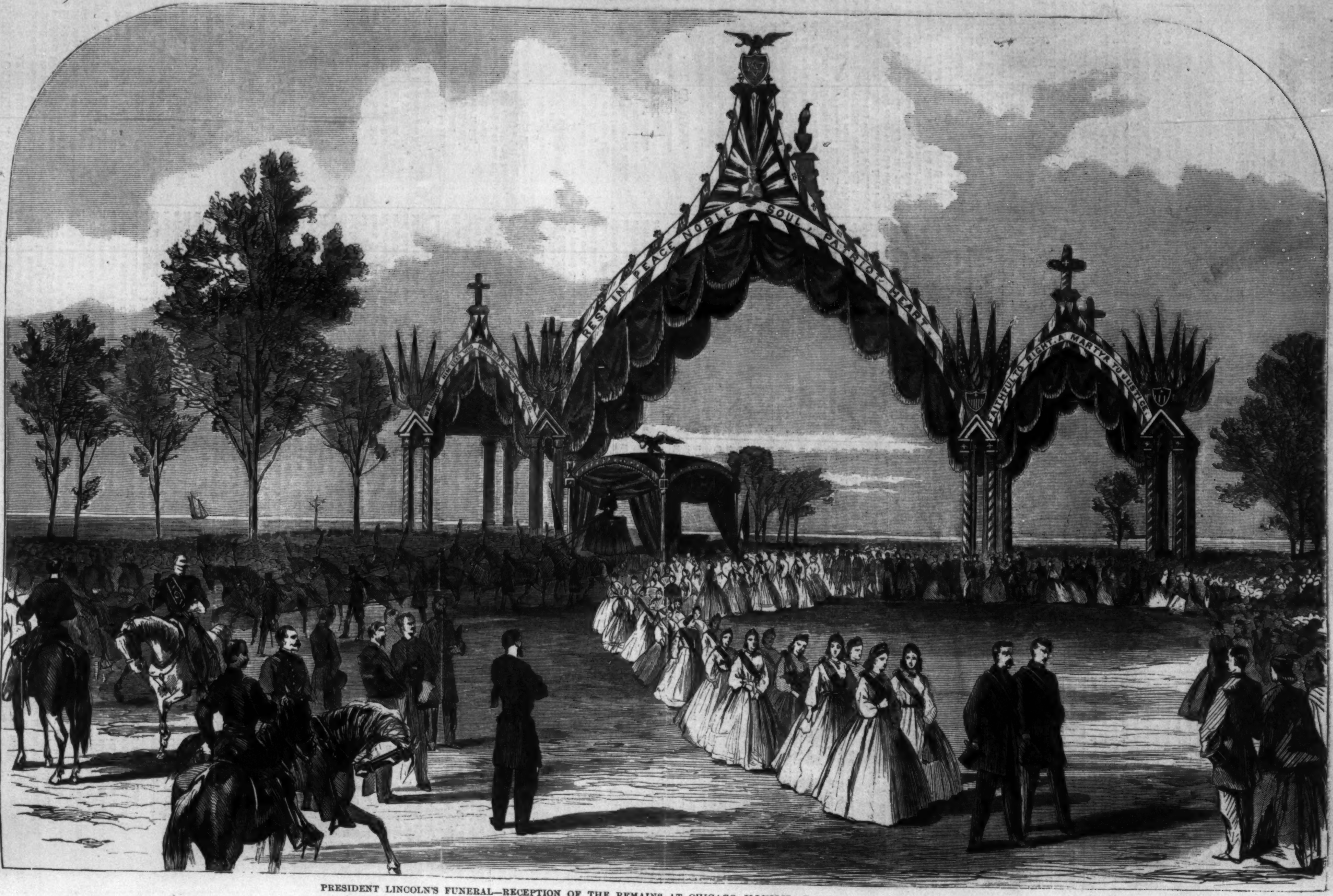
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE RECEPTION OF HIS REMAINS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

[See First Page.]


LIBERTY'S GREAT MARTYR
HE LEFT US SUSTAINED BY OUR PRAYERS
HE RETURNS EMBALMED [illegible] TEARS

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—THE CATAFALQUE AT THE CITY HALL, CHICAGO.—Sketched by W. Waud.

[See First Page.]


WE HONOR HIM DEAD WHO HONORED US WHILE LIVING.
REST IN PEACE NOBLE SOUL, PATRIOT HEART
FAITHFUL TO RIGHT, A MARTYR TO JUSTICE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL WINDOW.

AN OLD LEGEND.

The great west window was framed and done;
How proud was its painter, Father John!
The watchings by night at the furnace-door,
The long days' ponderings, all were o'er;
The fires were quenched, and the fluxes and paints,
The tracings of monarchs, and prophets, and saints,
Were rolled and labeled, and hid away,
And life for Friar John was all holiday;
His brushes were thrown in the nettly croft,
And so was the pallet he'd used so oft.

But when he saw that shining rood
Glow like sunset seen through a wood,
There rose in his soul a wicked pride,
And his heart beat quick with a fuller tide,
Nor thought Friar John, as his work he eyed,
If God in that work was glorified.

The window was a wondrous thing,
Blooming with an eternal spring
Of jewel colors and precious dyes,
Deep and rich as the western skies
At summer sunsets, and hues of flowers
That start up purple after the showers—
The rose's crimson and iris bloom;
Sunny lustres and topaz gloom,
Such as the depths of the forest hide;
Lapis, sapphire for martyr's robe;
Scarlet for Herod's fiery pride;
Ruby for Michael's flaming sword;
Golden splendor for crown and globe
Of David, the chosen of the Lord;
Amethyst, emerald, peacock's dyes,
Encircling a pale sad face,
A glory lighting it shed from skies
That shone like God's own dwelling-place:
And all these burned and melted so,
That there was within a kingly glow,
A pulse of light, a life-blood flowing,
Its varied colors ever showing.

What wonder, then, that as he gazed,
As in a mirror, he saw upraised
The veil that hides the spirit-world,
And the dim curtain slowly furled,
Showing behind that crystal wall
Fiends that danced and mocked at his fall,
And monsters beaked, and fanged, and horned,
Goblins that him and his glass saints scorned,
And sneering Satan above them all.

But Friar John prayed loud and long,
And chanted many a holy song,
And read his vesper service through,
Ave and Pater not a few,
Till heaven opened, and angel and saint
Came to comfort that sinner faint
With prayer and vigil; and now again,
With purer eye and calmer brain,
He looked, and through the colored screen
That parted earth from heaven's serene,
He saw, through flushes of rainbow dyes,
The jeweled gates of Paradise.

ONE OF MANY.

I am sitting by the open window and looking out upon the orchard, where the trees stand laden with apple-blooms, whose delicate perfume floats in this twilight air just as it did four years ago to-night.

There is nothing changed about this old place as I look upon its picture now. There stands the stone-curbed well, over which the long sweep hangs, with its dangling bucket, moss-covered, and dripping water monotonously—just as ever. There is Carlo's kennel, and Carlo himself is lying there, with his nose upon his outstretched paws, and his eyes closed lazily; precisely thus he lay as I looked out this window four years ago this hour. I can hear Kate and Bess and Dick and Duke stamping with their iron hoofs in their stables in the old red barn; and over the top of that same tree that bears the golden-sweets peeps the wooden weather-cock on the roof of the hay-shed. The doves have been flying in and out of their cotes over the wide door for the past hour; and the swallows, not yet gone to sleep, are squeaking and chattering in the eaves overhead. There dangles the swing under the oak. Yonder comes Philip whistling up the road. He has changed no more in these four years than if he were an image, instead of being, as he is, a middle-aged serving-man. Every thing my eye rests on is just the same—just the same. I wish it were not. How can the world go on so unchanged?

It seems as if I had been dreaming, here by the window in the sun of the warm May afternoon, and had just awakened in the falling twilight. *Was* it my wedding-night this night four years ago?

Yes. There, on the bed within this room, my boy is sleeping. Here on my finger is my wedding-ring, and I kiss it, and it is as cold to my lips as *his* forehead was. Here are my widow's mourning garments. I am twenty-two. I was eighteen when Frank drew me to his heart, here in this very room, [illegible] called me his darling, his brown-eyed bride. Oh, how I loved him! You ladies who live in cities, and whose lives are crowded with events—who have loved and unloved one man after another—whose hearts were older at eighteen than mine is this day, even after all its deep joy and sorrow—you can not know how I loved my husband.

He was the only man I ever loved, remember—the *only* one. My father was so stern with me that him I never dared to love. My mother died when I was little, and my father kept me always under his eye, permitting me no such pleasures as those that country girls generally have, and books were my best companions. There were balls at the tavern at the cross-roads in winter, but I never went to them. There were picnic parties in the woods in summer, and husking-bees in autumn, and other merry-makings of which I sometimes heard, but which I never saw. Almost my only knowledge of life outside my own home was gathered from the glimpses I got of the neighbor-people on Sundays at the little church where all the farmers on Moreton Heights met to worship, and still do. It was there I first saw Frank—when I was a little curly-headed girl, and he was a blue-eyed boy five years my senior. There I saw all I ever saw of him, till I was sixteen, and he was home for the college vacation. I met him then, one afternoon as I was coming home from a neighbor's house, and he walked along by my side. I loved him that hour with my whole soul; and during the two years following I learned to find my sweetest happiness in his smile, the thrilling touch of his hand, the soft words of love he spoke to me; and at last to sink in the tremor of unutterable happiness upon his breast when he asked me to be his wife.

Can you wonder, then, that the wedding-night on which he made me his was dazzling in its brilliancy to my eyes? I was almost intoxicated with the novelty and the joy of that scene. The great rooms of Squire Moreton's house were like those of a palace compared to the humbler home where I had been reared, and it was there we were married, for Frank wished it so. The crowding guests, the gleaming lights, the marriage ceremony, the congratulations, the whispered joy of my husband as he bent over me, and the odor of the apple-blooms pervading all, seemed like a beautiful dream then, seem like a dream now, with the orchard's perfume alone remaining.

Do you believe me exaggerating when I say that I would have yielded up my life unmurmuring for my husband's sake? If you do, it only shows that you have no conception of a love like that I bore for Frank. It was wrong to love a man so, perhaps; but oh, I was so happy! He was my all, remember. On him I lavished the long-hoarded affection of a nature whose depths no mortal being had looked into before him. My heart would leap with gladness at the sound of his voice at a distance. I knew his footstep so well that I would go far beyond the gate to meet him when he was coming up the road. His kiss was heaven to my lips, and the fond glance of his blue eye would thrill my being to the core.

You may wonder that I consented to part with Frank when I loved him so. It was because I loved him as I did that I could not oppose him when he told me, his face all glowing with enthusiasm, that he wanted to raise a company for the war. Then he talked so eloquently about it, his eye shone with such a lustre, and his voice had such cheer in it, as he spoke of going forth with his comrades to fight in defense of the dear old flag, how could I put in my selfish protest?

But I clung to his neck with silent fear in the darkness of night, when he lay fast asleep; I pictured his loved form lying wounded and bloody on the battle-field, and I hid my face on my pillow, and pressed his dear cheek with my hand, softly, so as not to wake him, while I wept as if my heart would break. But in the daytime I never let him know. I tried my best to cheer him, for I knew it was the old patriotic fire that burned in his manly breast, and no tears of mine should quench it. I was always proud of Frank; he was the prince of men to me; but now I was prouder of him than ever before.

I was but the bride of a summer when he marched away. The harvest was ripe, and the leaves were browning. He kissed me again and again as we stood under the porch by the door, and I smiled a cheerful smile of adieu to him, and struggled to hide from him the quivering of my lips. Then he walked briskly away down the garden-path, passed out the gate, and waved his gilded cap to me from the road; and when he was so far away that he could not see me weep I leaned against a pillar and gazed long after him through the blinding rain of unavailing tears.

I used to get such cheering letters from my hero! He found so many amusing things to write about in his new life, and seemed to relish so well the novelty and hardihood of the camp! He would describe to me the minutest particulars of his surroundings, tell me what he ate and how, where he slept and how, and drew for me such photographs of the scenes in which he moved, that I soon quite lost my foolish habit of picturing him lying bleeding on cold battle-fields, alone with the watching stars and the long night. Instead of this I soon began to share his dissatisfaction at having nothing to do through the long winter, and I looked forward to the spring with *his* longing vision, and learned to glory in my husband's strength as he himself did, and to feel certain that all perils must yield before the power of his arm. Our boy was born that winter too, and in him I found an object on which to pour out the love of my heart, and a companion to make the time pass away.

The spring came, and in the battle of Fair Oaks my husband was taken prisoner. They shut him up in that fearful prison in Richmond, and murdered him by inches. Long, long months rolled away. My boy grew till he could run about the house and play with Carlo in the yard; and every day he seemed to grow more and more like his father as he was when he went away, with his fresh, round cheeks red with bloom, and his merry blue eye and ringing laugh.

Last October they brought my husband home. Oh, what a pitiful semblance of the man who waved his gilded cap to me from the road as I stood in the porch that September morning so long ago! They left him alone in the parlor to wait for me, for I had fainted at sight of him from the window—my darling Frank—this skeleton with shrunken limbs and ghastly, fallen cheek and dull eyes! Could it be he? Only when I entered the parlor where he sat, and beheld the clustering black hair that shaded his white forehead could I see aught of the man I had married in that May night when the odor of the apple-blooms was in the air. He looked on me *so* pitifully, and raised his wan hands as if to embrace me. I flew to his breast, and kissed his white cheek and colorless lips with despair in my heart, for I knew he had "come home to die."

"Is this my husband?" I murmured, in a tone of awe, as I looked upon the strange, strange face.

"This is what they have left you of him," said he, smiling faintly; and I hid my face in his bosom.

"Where is my boy?" he whispered, smoothing my hair with his bony hand.

I went for little Frank, and held him up while his father wrapped him in his arms. The little fellow looked into the white and bearded face with a straight, earnest gaze, and then his eyes filled with tears and his lip began to quiver; but it was with pity, not with childish fear, for he put up his little hand to his father's mouth caressingly, and said, "Papa sick!"

Next day the doctor came. He sat an hour with Frank; prescribed cheerfulness, quiet, and generous food; instructed me in the duties of my new office as nurse, for I would have no other; pressed Frank's hand cordially, and left the room. I followed him to the door.

"How long can he live?" I asked.

The doctor shook his head.

"All will depend on the care you take of him, Mrs. Moreton. With such care as I know you will give him, he *may* survive a month, or even two. But I could not promise him a week of life. He has had a hard time. Damn the villains! They'd be torn to pieces like carrion if I had my way with 'em!"

When I went back to Frank he asked me what the doctor said.

"Don't conceal any thing from me, dear wife," said he. "There is no need. I have been on familiar terms with death for many months. I am ready to go."

Then I told him, and he smiled. There was a peculiar light in his eyes as he turned them on me, and said,

"Mary, I shall live till spring."

It was October then. So many months of life yet? It seemed like a priceless boon. Nearly half a year to live? Oh what a world of love should be crowded into that time! And I believed him, too. I don't know why, but I did.

The winter rolled by slowly, and he did not die. Sometimes I would feel a wild hope that he might recover, and he would see it shining in my eyes, and would smile and shake his head in answer to the unspoken thought.

"In the spring," he said, very often—"in the spring I shall die."

The spring came too soon. The robins began to sing in the sunshine—the starling came to his old nest in the apple-tree by the well. Sometimes Frank would bid me open the window, so that he could hear the plaintive note of the bluebirds and the twitter of the sparrows under the eaves. Wrapped in heavy shawls, and sitting in his great arm-chair, he would gaze out the window with his dreamy blue eyes till he seemed to forget that I was there.

"They are getting ready," he would murmur. "I shall hear from them soon."

I thought he was talking of the angels.

"What do you see out there, Captain Frank?" asked Doctor Thomas, one such day, as he entered the room.

"I am looking southward!" whispered Frank. "There will be grand news from the front very soon. That is what I am waiting for."

Then we understood him. The window looks toward the south, and commands a view of the road leading to the village, ten miles away. And it was there he sat when he died.

You must know that here on the Heights we get the news but once a week. We are on no high-road where travelers pass. The half-dozen farmers who live on the Heights with us, like us, go to the village on Saturdays, the common market-day. Then we get the weekly newspaper which is issued in the village on Friday morning, and contains all the events of the week that is past.

Frank slept none on Thursday night, and Friday morning early he asked that Philip be sent to the village for the *Republican*.

It was afternoon when Philip returned. Frank sat by the open window, gazing earnestly down the road. It was a beautiful day. The air was as balmy as June, and the birds were flying about and twittering joyously in the trees. Presently Philip came in sight around the bend in the road. He was waving the newspaper in the air, and seemed to be shouting something, but we could not hear. The orchard shut him from view a minute after, and I ran down stairs to meet him at the gate and get the *Republican*.

"Hooray!" cried Philip. "Victory!"

I devoured the news with quick eyes, and then ran up stairs to Frank, and knelt by his chair.

"Dear husband," said I, "the news is grand. Do you think you can bear to hear it?"

"Mary," said he, "I shall never be stronger than I am this hour. It is my last. Tell me the good news. I have waited long for it."

Amidst my tears I read the news. Richmond was evacuated and our troops occupied it. Jeff Davis was flying for his life, and Lee's whole army had surrendered to Grant. An order had been issued to stop recruiting and drafting. Peace had already dawned.

He listened with closed eyes, an expression of unutterable happiness on his white face.

"Glory!" he murmured, when I had done. "The night is past. Dear wife, I am happy now. I knew I should live to see the dawn."

An hour later he passed away. I sat at his feet, clasping his hand in both mine.

"Mary," he whispered, "you know the legacy I leave my boy. He is too young to understand now, but as he grows up teach him its priceless value. The day will come when he will be prouder to know that his father died one of the martyrs in freedom's cause than he would be if I had made him heir to millions. *I* was a soldier, too! *I* wore the army blue!"

His breath came fainter and fainter. His hand grew lifeless in my clasp. Then he rose up in his chair, gazed with brilliant eyes out at the window toward the south, waved his bony hand in the air, and fell back upon the cushions. I touched his cold forehead with my trembling lips, and heard his last faint whisper,

"Mary—don't forget!—I wore the blue!"

And he was one of many.

LOVE.

Tell me, maiden, maiden dear!
Tell me what is love?
In thy brown eyes shining clear,
On thy lips, O maiden dear,
Can I see it move?

It is two hearts, two hearts true,
Two hearts with one beat;
Two souls shining, sighing through
Lips and eyes of morning dew,
With one wish between the two,
And that wish to meet.

BROTHER'S LOVE.

"Tip, old fellow, the Title is mine; we can't both have that; but as to every thing else we go halves."

He was my junior in this merry world by a quarter of an hour, and in spite of the representations and remonstrances of parents, nurses, governesses, tutors, poor relations, and friends, I never could understand why my brother, the handsomest, cleverest, pluckiest fellow that ever breathed, should be as thoroughly "distanced" in the race of life as though it had not been a neck-and-neck affair between us. I felt deeply that it had been by mere good luck that I had been landed the winner; and I rejoiced in it only as enabling me to give up all to my darling, my boy Arthur, dear old Tip.

"Was there any thing," I thought, as I sat by the big bright fire in the cozy pink drawing-room at Chauntry, "was there any thing I would not give up to him?"

He was coming, my bright boy brother—the joy of my life—the best—the dearest—ah! there I stopped. A week earlier I should have finished the sentence; but now? Lovely, sweet Helen May, I close mine eyes, and see that mocking, winning glance, and I yield me, Helen May! "Grâce! grâce! je me rends!" No longer dearest, oh Arthur! for there is one now, to whom I am devoted body and soul; hers—hers! Shall I speak to Helen May? Shall I tell the lovely orphan governess that I am hers? I said so to her last night, shall I again? and kneeling to her shall I implore her to be my own, my very, very own, my bride, my wife? To-morrow, to-morrow!

Hark! Yes, wheels! Coming crunching up the avenue to the great hall-door! So like Arthur! instead of coming round to the side-door, where every one else walks in without more trouble than the "lift up the latch and come in" of the nursery story!

But here he is—surely more glorious than ever. So like our mother! Yes, now that he has been duly welcomed, and is standing before the fire, rattling off an account of his adventurous railway journey (Tip never made a railway journey that was not adventurous), he will want no answer from me; so that I can gaze at him silently and happily. Yet—like our mother, yes! yet unlike, very unlike! Her hair, fair and soft, and silky, wavy hair; her eyes, blue and fond, but not now: cold and gray, they flash and mock as hers could not; but then, Arthur, Arthur! never eyes before could brim with mirth, or—God help me! or so beam and glow with softest, wildest passion!

He was very tall, very graceful—and beautiful in youthful beauty! He had known no care, no disappointment, and his fair face was unfurrowed as hers—my own sweet Helen!

"Home again! And the eve of good St. Valentine! By the Lord Harry! If half the valentines I ordered on my way through town are sent (and they better had be, or I'll know why), and the proper initials put to each, there *will* be Cupid to remunerate, and no mistake, to-morrow! By-the-by, can't we get some to send to the little Traceys?"

"Well, we can't get any here, or—"

"Nonsense, Raymond! *I'll* write them, I'll compose, print, illustrate—any thing you like—to pass the time till dinner."

"The fact is, Tip, we are going to dine with them to-day, so—"

"That's all right; and did the new governess turn out as pretty as reported?" and Tip laughed; I did not like his laugh, nor that peculiar expression of his, yet I could not but smile, and I answered,

"You shall see, Tip! And now here's John with sherry and biscuits, and then we'll dress and drive over."

Arthur had been away from home three months, and all the change I could detect was a sharper contraction of the restless, clear-cut upper lip, and—but that might have been fancy—a sterner set of the massive lower jaw.

He went to his room to dress, and I remained alone. It had ever been the same. From the moment he left me I yearned to see the tender, womanly eyes that recalled my mother—to hear the deep, rich voice, so melodious, so caressing. From the moment he returned I shuddered back into myself from the pitiless, hard smile on those faultless lips; from the careless, cruel sneer in those low, soft tones; oh, Arthur, my only one, my twin brother, my other self!

When we reached the Chase, we found a large party assembled. My first inquiry was for Miss May. Our hostess smiled, and her answer puzzled me.

"Really you have behaved so well that I think I ought to prepare you for a surprise; I don't think it has been quite fair, I—"

A rustling silence superseding the buzz of conversation, I turned and saw Helen gorgeously attired. I have said there was a large dinner-party, but this did not account to me for the sight of that young face surmounted by diamonds, the slender throat clasped by a broad band of the same stones—armlets, ear-rings, all, all to match, and the dress corresponding in magnificence. I was bewildered; she came up to me—floated up to me—*leaning on*

Arthur's arm, and laying one soft ungloved hand on mine, she took it and murmured,

"So you won't speak to me! Did you only like me, then, while I could be patronized as the poor governess?"

I held her hand, I gazed down into her eyes—saucy, mirthful eyes; was I cruel to quench their light in the shadow of my own sorrow? I only answered, "I shall be happy to make your acquaintance again, madam, in any character you may please to assume." So Arthur introduced us.

Gone, Helen May—my love, my love!

By right of precedence I handed Helen down to dinner. I knew her well now by reputation, and I knew also that Arthur was personally acquainted with her.

She was brilliant; she was fascinating; and last, to me, she was humble. "Would I forgive her? It had not been intentional the deception, with regard to me—could I pardon it? She was so used to find things *couleur de rose* that she wanted to see how they looked through the eyes of a dependent; the Tracys were expecting a new governess, and she had coaxed them to let her personate the girl—for fun!"

What right had I to feel injured? Ought I not rather to rejoice that, now when she had resumed her rightful station, she still made so flattering a difference in her manner to me? Dashing, offhand, tormenting to others—with me, retiring, gentle, humble. True, but the charm was powerless, the spell was broken; I was free, for I felt that I had been deceived. Granted the deception was a harmless one; still, she had suffered my attentions—attentions such as might have seemed small in themselves to an unpracticed village maid, but which must have spoken volumes to the all-accomplished widow. Besides, we had stood together—only last night, her fair hand in mine; she had listened to my tale of love, she had even responded; was it honest, was it fair (it was not kind), to deceive me "for fun?"

And yet I loved her.

She devoted herself to me throughout the evening with a childlike impertinence mixed with a womanly humility which was irresistible. But—I had been deceived.

No. I did not love her.

We were at home once more, Arthur and I, alone together. "Raymond, is she not perfect?" I looked up inquiringly. "Helen, I mean. She had no idea you were a brother of mine when she first met you. What an idea *her* passing herself off for a governess! And fancy any one being deluded! But there, she *is* such an actress—such a consummate little hypocrite! Little fiend, how she tortures me, and yet—yet how I love her!"

"Tip, Tip! O God!" I said no more, but this was enough; his voice, in its simple depth of truth in his last words, was like an echo from my own heart, and had stirred my whole being. He saw this.

We stood up and grasped hands, looking into each other's eyes. He spoke first.

"Raymond! We neither of us know that she loves him?"

I answered, "I have told my love, Tip."

"And?" he interrupted eagerly, looking away.

"She neither accepted nor declined; you saw us together to-night."

"Oh, Raymond! I too have told my love." He paused, and now I looked away. He continued: "She listened, Raymond, and she listens; and I spoke first three months ago, and you saw us together to-night!"

"Is she heartless, Tip, or coquette, or worse?" Arthur's eyes flashed.

"Heartless, perhaps; coquette, surely; worse? Not even you shall suggest that!"

I bowed and sat down. I remembered what I had thought while waiting my brother's arrival in the pink drawing-room. "Was there any thing that I would not give up to him?" And now I knew there was one chance that I *could* not yield. No. I doubted her, I hated her; but oh, how I loved her!

We separated for the night. I was haunted by the legend of our fated house. An idle tale, a very turnip-and-table-cloth ghost by daylight, now; but at midnight a gloomy prophetic legend of what had been horribly real in the olden days. I seemed to see it all.

On the morrow I went the first thing to the Chase. I saw her in her morning-dress again. I thought how I had first seen her, as now, three weeks since. I thought how he had first seen her, as last night, three months since. We sat together, alone. And all my evening doubt and hatred passed away, and I only loved her more than ever. And at parting I raised her fingers unreproved to my lips.

On my return home I found Arthur at breakfast with that hard look, which with him replaced sadness. He had seen more of the world than I had.

"Tip, listen to me! you are the younger: you try first—you know what I mean! If you fail, *then!* but you won't fail. Go down at once to the Chase."

He looked at me. "You have been there already, Raymond!"

It was not the words, it was the tone that made my blood boil. Who was he, that I should yield the first chance to him? My younger brother! My—yes! my younger twin-brother; and I shuddered and turned away to hide the anger I could not suppress. I would not quarrel with my brother! When I looked up he was peering at me sternly; but the instant our eyes met he sprang to me, threw his arms round my neck in the old schoolboy fashion.

"Dear old Raymond! noble, generous! But I suppose, you know, you don't care much for her—you can't know, or you wouldn't—By God! *I* wouldn't give her up to any man! No, not even you, dear, generous, old Raymond; but then I love her so!" And he gazed at me with his rare, frank, loving gaze, that had ever been dearer to me than woman's looks, until, until—Oh, Helen May!

* * * * * * * *

So far my brother's narration, of which I found the rough MS. in his desk when I was looking over his papers the other day.

Poor Raymond! What an enthusiast he was! He nobly fulfilled his own wonderful standard. The sentence with which he began this story he more than carried out, nay, I will say, carries out; for I believe he still exists, a self-exiled wanderer in strange lands. Helen and I live at Chauntry, and our eldest boy is named after him. A. V.

P.S.—My husband has just brought in a report of Raymond's death somewhere in Africa. Poor Raymond! Quite one of the old school, unselfish, generous, and so courteous; and ah! how well I remember his dark, handsome, grave face—I sometimes think if— * * * H. V.

Extract from the note which accompanied the above MS.:

"We were rummaging in an old trunk to find materials for dressing up, and I found this story. I send it to you, knowing you have a fancy for such quaint scraps."

Reader! I have only altered the names.

THE LOVES OF BEETHOVEN.

THERE is a prevalent idea that no man can be a great musician or a great poet without having been in love. As most men have a preference some time in the course of their lives, there does not appear to be any reason why these should form an exception to the rule. The question whether Beethoven was ever in love has, it seems, been warmly disputed by his biographers. Baron Ernoay seems to have set the question at rest in a recent article published in the "Revue Contemporaine," that is, so far as assertion goes, and if he has not been misled by Dr. Wegeler.

His first love, it seems, was Jeannette d'Honrath, of Cologne. This young lady is described as fair, of an affectionate character, and endearing manners. She used occasionally to come to Bonn to visit a family there to whom Beethoven was known, and this led to his forming an attachment to her. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the young lady no sooner received the addresses of a captain in the Austrian service than she discarded her musical admirer; and yet he was not a man altogether unworthy of being regarded with favor by a lady from a merely physical point of view in his young days. He had not then the stern, unattractive expression of countenance which characterizes the portraits taken of him in middle age. Seyfried, who knew him well in his youth, says he was then of the middle height, broad-shouldered, and robust—a very model of strength. Add to this that he had a keen, penetrating eye, and a lively and characteristic physiognomy, and we have the picture of a man who might reasonably expect that the course of true love would run smoothly in his case. But those who remember—and who does not?—the pathetic sonata, "Absence and Return," would be surprised rather than otherwise to hear that he had escaped the ordeal which has purified so many geniuses—that of loving well, but not wisely. In point of fact it appears that this sonata is connected with a love passage in his life, which is referred to in the following letter, written by him to Dr. Wegeler. In this letter he refers, in a very despondent tone, to the state of his hearing, which, in spite of all the remedies he had tried, was getting worse; and he was then about to seek new doctors. After describing how hard he was working, even grudging the time he was obliged to devote to sleep, to complete a work that should do him honor, he says:

> "For the last two years I have lived a solitary life. I dare say I am considered a misanthrope, and yet I am not any thing of the kind. A metamorphosis has been worked in me by a dear and most ravishing girl, whom I love and who loves me. I am indebted to her for many happy moments during these two years, and for the first time in my life I feel that marriage could make me perfectly happy. Unfortunately our social position is not the same....and in my situation I really could not marry.... I shall have much to go through before that can be."

Some passages are evidently suppressed in this letter; but we can gather from it that his life was embittered by his malady and the obstacles which the aristocratic prejudices of the Austrians placed in the way of his marriage; for the lady on whom he had placed his affections was a countess. To this circumstance, perhaps, quite as much as to any democratic convictions, may be attributed the onslaughts he uttered so frequently against social distinctions.

This passion, which seems to have been the first experienced by Beethoven after he had reached manhood, ended badly for him. The lady abruptly broke off the connection with him in order to marry a ruined count—and, to complete the measure of his humiliation, a count who was by profession a musical composer, a composer of dance music, who subsequently got a ballet of his placed on the stage at Paris, where it was overwhelmed by the condemnation of the press; and as the scene of this ballet was laid in America one of the critics remarked that the music was not only of the New World but of the other world.

The effect of this deception on Beethoven was most disastrous: it smote him doubly hard, by wounding his pride as a man and as an artist. He uttered no complaints; but his melancholy was such that it was easy to see that he desired death rather than life. One of his greatest admirers, who felt for him the purest and warmest friendship, thought to relieve his mind by inducing him to take up his residence at a country-house belonging to her not far from Vienna. Here he wandered about the park, but instead of finding peace he became more and more despondent. The rustling of the leaves, the notes of the birds, repeated his misfortune continually, until, as he said at a later period of his life, he began to feel that he was abandoned by God as well as by the woman he had loved so profoundly. This disappointment was near ending fatally. One evening he did not return to the house as usual, and it was supposed that he had suddenly set out for Vienna; consequently no alarm was excited by his non-appearance. Three days afterward he was discovered by a friend lying at the foot of a tree, in the most distant part of the park, nearly dead from want of food. The earnest solicitations of his friends induced him to abstain from any similar attempts to end his pain in this way; and it was not until many years afterward that it became known he had ever done so. Not very long afterward he had the opportunity of nobly avenging the deceit that had been practiced upon him. The distress of the lady he had loved became so great that she actually wrote to Beethoven to tell him of their condition, and to ask him for assistance. He did not comply with her request openly; but he played the part of the good Samaritan in secret, for he got a loan of five hundred florins on the security of his future compositions, and remitted it to her by a sure hand, without suffering her to know the name of her benefactor. It was not until twenty years afterward that Beethoven related the affair to a most intimate friend named Schindler, to whom the husband of the lady had spoken of him in very uncomplimentary terms. His magnificent compositions will render him immortal; but we can now see that honor and fame will not keep the skeleton out of a man's closet.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A MAN MILLINER IN PARIS.—It is curious that it should be an Englishman who regulates the dress of the Parisian "lionnes" at the present day. It is by cheer impudence that Mr. Worth has raised himself into his present position—impudence of the same kind as Beau Brummell's. It is some years since Mr. Worth established himself next door to the Pharmacie Anglaise in the Rue de la Paix. A lady goes to his "magazin," or whatever it may be called, and submits herself to his inspection; the criticism and the judgment on the "possibilities" are given in the gravest and most delicately ceremonious manner, although the result may be sometimes unpleasing; for there are certain persons whose face and figure are so incapable of improvement that Mr. Worth declines to have any thing to do with them. To those more fortunate, he says at once that they must pay for his taste as well as for the materials which he furnishes for their dress, the lace, the silk, etc. He generally names eleven or twelve hundred francs as the price for a passable gown made under his directions; but, of course, if ladies wish for it, he is there to direct, not their expenditure only, but their taste. After having given the proper amount of consideration to the subject, he decides upon the color and material, fashion and trimming, best suited to the individual lady. The next process is entirely in the hands of dress-makers of the usual sex; but in due time they present the lady for the first inspection. He receives her gravely and with all due decorum (Mrs. Worth being generally present), looks, criticises, directs; while the young women put in a fold here, a little fullness there, at his command.

BOILING CLOCKS.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says that common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. "Rough as this treatment may appear," he says, "it works well; and I have for many years past boiled my clocks whenever they stopped from accumulation of dust or a thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure or rain water, and dried on a warm stove, or near the fire."

ROMAN PRINCESSES.—The Roman princesses, blazing with diamonds, is a sight well worth seeing; and should you have a weakness for these things, you may gratify it by attending one of the great charity balls which the high Roman families patronize. You may also see them at the receptions of the embassadors, which are open to all attired in proper costume. At one of these, given by the French Embassador, there sat, during the greater part of the evening, six ladies, side by side, literally cuirassed in diamonds—diamonds, too, flashed from their heads, which seemed radiant with a nimbus-like glory; there was a fascination in the brilliancy, though the eyes ached from the splendor. The possessors of these gems were Roman princesses, in whose families the jewels have been preserved for many centuries.

IT is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake, not exempt from this weakness of its fellow-reptiles, which hit upon the following ingenious expedient to gratify its taste: It visited a room in which a black nurse and her nursling slept, and every night his snakeship would creep into the bed, *cunningly insert the tip of its tail into the baby's mouth to amuse it, and prevent its crying*, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant, which it thus deprived of its natural food, the nurse sleeping on unconscious of having such a monstrous nursling.

This went on for some time, until the infant, being thus cheated of half its allowance of food, became so thin that suspicion was excited, and an old negress was set to watch the nurse at night—the delinquent was caught in the fact, and expiated its offense with its life, while the poor baby, being no longer kept on "short commons," recovered its strength, and grew fine and fat as before.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush spreads its flushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscape, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored.

BIG SPOTS.—The portion of the solar disk which is free from spots is far from shining with equal brightness. The ground is lightly carpeted with a multitude of little black specks, in a state of continual change. When a spot is observed with a high magnifying power it is generally found to have a dark nucleus, almost black, surrounded by a grayish band, called the penumbra, and then, round the penumbra, by bands more brilliant than the rest of the surface, and supposed by Sir John Herschel to be the tops of immense waves which are symptoms of the violent agitation going on in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere. The dimensions of the spots are sometimes enormous, their mouth being more than wide enough to swallow the earth whole, without biting it. The earth's diameter is only eight thousand miles, and Herschel measured a spot whose orifice was forty-two thousand five hundred miles across.

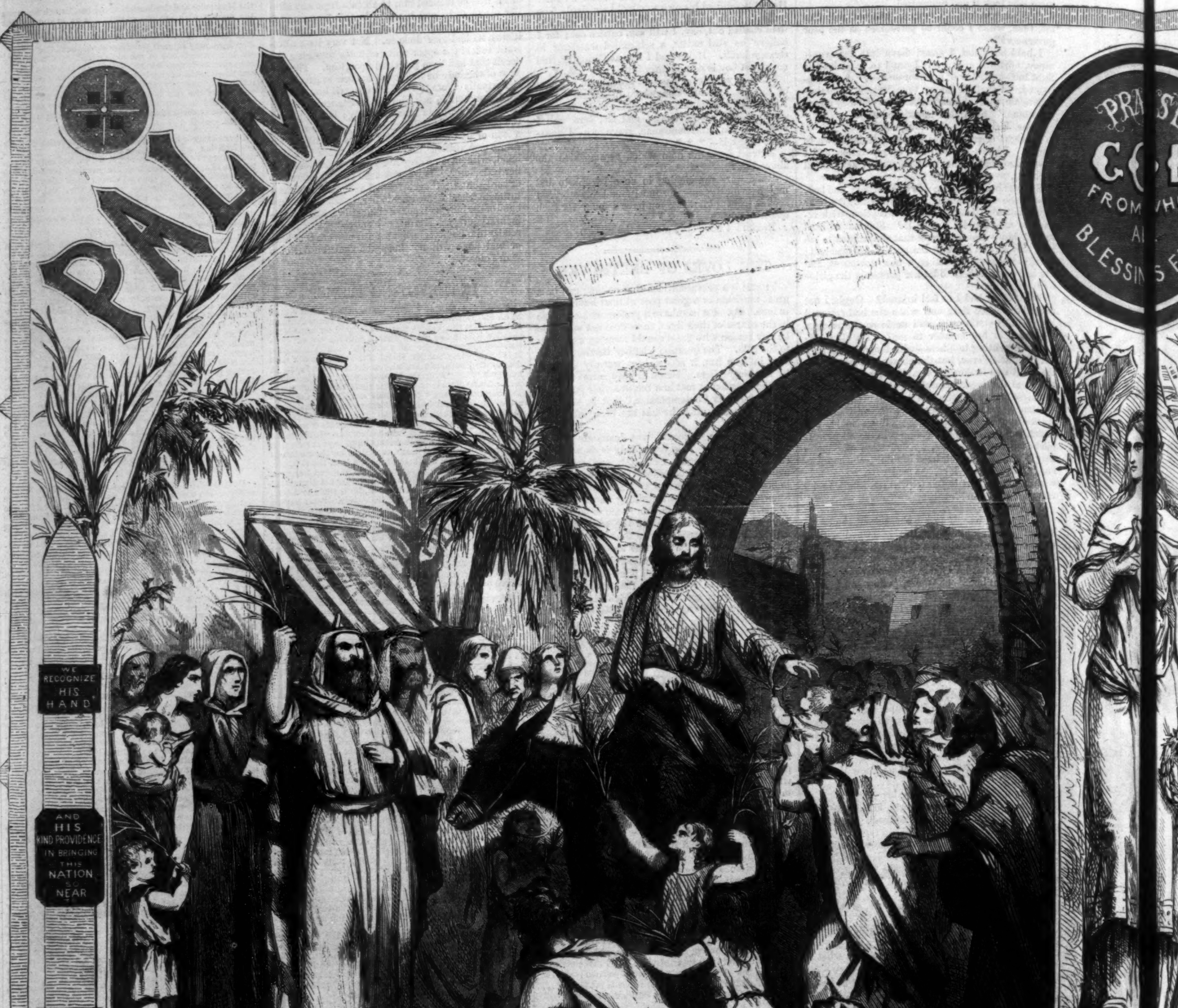
THE SALE OF CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.—The smugglers, who usually sail with their cargoes of salt, gunpowder, cottons, etc., from Sinope or Trebizond, bring back generally, as a return freight, a number of Circassian girls for the Constantinople market. These poor creatures suffer often great hardships on the journey, obliged as they are to sail by night, and to select the worst weather, for the purpose of avoiding the Russian cruisers. Nevertheless, far from lamenting their fate in thus leaving their homes at such an early age—for they are generally disposed of by their fathers and brothers at twelve and fourteen years old—they look forward to their sale at Stamboul as their grand settlement in life, thus escaping the hardships inseparable from their lot had they remained at home. For among the Circassians, as among every other uncivilized people, the hardest work falls to the lot of the women, who, in consequence, become soon wrinkled and aged, assuming the appearance of veritable hags at a very early period. The prettiest girls of a family are invariably selected for the Turkish market, and indulged, as far as the means of the family will permit, in idleness, being excused from the household drudgery, which might take away from their beauty. On arriving at a suitable age the damsel leaves her home amidst the tears of her mother and sisters, while her father and brothers, using all precautions to secure her escape from the clutches of the Muscovite and the dangers of the sea, launch her upon the market with anxious speculations as to the amount which a commodity so valuable, though to them useless, may bring. For, although in some instances a slave-merchant may himself purchase direct from the parent, yet in most cases one of the male members of the family accompanies the precious merchandise to the place of sale, and receives the money himself from his future brother or son in law, generally investing on his return a part of the proceeds of the sale in the purchase of some contraband article, such as gunpowder or salt, or whatever may happen at the moment to be most in request among his countrymen.

LOVE.—People are loved, not in the proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their lovability. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world, but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with or repose with, apart from qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than a guide to a pleasant spot is the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet.

SEWING BY HAND AND BY MACHINE.—The advantages to this and other countries of the sewing-machine will be shown by the following figures: Men's shirts, made by machine, take 3 hours and 10 minutes each to do—by hand 15 hours 20 minutes; a lady's dress, by the machine, takes 12 hours 6 minutes—by hand, 20 hours 35 minutes; a merino dress, by machine, 10 hours 15 minutes—by hand, 16 hours 27 minutes; a calico dress, by machine, 6 hours 20 minutes—by hand, 11 hours 38 minutes. Other articles are in somewhat similar proportions; and we will therefore only mention that a silk apron is made, by machine, in 2 hours 30 minutes—by hand, 6 hours 16 minutes; and a muslin skirt, by machine, in 4 hours 50 minutes—by hand, 10 hours 10 minutes. A like saving of time is to be noticed in the making of male attire: for instance, a common frock-coat, by the machine, occupies 17 hours 20 minutes—by the hand, 27 hours 40 minutes; a linen vest, by machine, 3 hours 44 minutes—by hand, 7 hours 18 minutes; a fine over-coat, by machine, 23 hours 13 minutes—by hand, 31 hours 20 minutes; a fine frock-coat, by machine, 21 hours 25 minutes—by hand, 35 hours 16 minutes; a fine business coat, by machine, 19 hours—by hand, 26 hours 40 minutes; a satin vest, by machine, 8 hours 14 minutes—by hand, 12 hours 55 minutes.

DEVILS.—The people of Morzine, in Savoy, a remote valley to the south of the Lake of Geneva, have for the last eight years been the victims of a series of trials like those which beset the Jansenist *convulsionnaires*. The first patient was a girl of ten years old, who was being prepared for her first communion, and who exhibited certain symptoms which were immediately attributed to diabolic agency. From her the infection seems to have spread until there were a hundred and twenty cases of possession in a village of two thousand inhabitants. The antics performed under this strange influence were alarming to the last degree. The afflicted persons went through extraordinary physical contortions. They turned over and over in one bound. They leaped like a steel spring suddenly released, bending backward so that head and feet touched the ground together. A boy of twelve ran up a pine-tree eighty feet high. There he bent down the top shoot (so it is said) and stood on it head downward, singing and gesticulating. Suddenly he came to his senses, and called for help. His elder brother cried out, "Devil, enter again into this child, that he may be able to come down again!" The devil obeyed, with singular good-nature, and the boy immediately ran down headforemost, like a squirrel. The victims seized, who were of all ages and positions, invariably spoke of themselves in the third person and personated evil spirits. The voice of one woman exclaimed, during a religious service by a bishop, "Ah, damned carrion of a bishop, thou makest me depart. How dreadful to have to return to hell?....I must leave this fair body where I was so well off. But when I go, I have five more, and among them an old devil. It is not to-day that they will depart." As a rule, the devils professed to be the spirits of human beings, who were suffering for their sins on earth. The spirit which possessed one woman asserted that it had been damned for eating meat on a Friday. It impelled the woman to go every Friday to the Maire and ask for bacon, which she greedily devoured while raw. Every attempt was made to put a stop to the plague. Physicians were sent and could do nothing. Exorcisms were tried, and, as might naturally be expected, the excitement only made matters worse. The préfet came and spoke to some of the women. They fell upon him and his gens d'armes. They lifted strong men in their arms and pinned them against the walls. Then, with a sudden bound, they sprang through the window, one after the other, and disappeared. The bishop came and tried the effects of a high mass. It produced a fearful scene of cries, oaths, blasphemies, and fearful convulsions, and the bishop was glad to escape without actual violence against himself. At last a doctor was sent to Morzine with despotic power, and backed by the important aid of sixty soldiers, a brigade of gens d'armes, and a fresh curé. The curé was to preach against the possibility of demoniacal possession, and the gens d'armes and soldiers to put down any overt acts. By dint of exiling all afflicted people to lunatic asylums and hospitals, he seems to have finally succeeded in beating the devil.

THE ODOR OF FLOWERS, AND THE ENFLEURAGE PROCESS.—The odors of flowers do not, as a general rule, exist in them as a store or in a gland, but they are developed as an exhalation. While the flower breathes it yields fragrance, but kill the flower, and fragrance ceases. It has not been ascertained when the discovery was made of condensing, as it were, the breath of the flower during life; what we know now is, that if a living flower be placed near to butter grease, animal fat, or oil, these bodies absorb the odor given off by the blossom, and in turn themselves become fragrant. If we spread fresh unsalted butter upon the inside of two dessert-plates, and then fill one of the plates with gathered fragrant blossoms of clematis, covering them over with the second greased plate, we shall find that after twenty-four hours the grease has become fragrant. The blossoms, though separated from the parent stem, do not die for some time, but live and exhale odor, which is absorbed by the fat. To remove the odor from the fat, the fat must be scraped off the plates and put into alcohol; the odor then leaves the grease and enters into the spirit, which thus becomes "scent," and the grease again becomes odorless. The flower farmers of the Var follow precisely this method on a very large scale, with but little practical variation, with the following flowers: rose, orange, acacia, violet, jasmine, tuberose, and jonquil. The process is termed, as said before, *enfleurage*, or inflowering. In the valley of the Var there are acres of jasmine, of tuberose, of violets, and the other flowers named. In due season the air is laden with fragrance—the flower harvest is at hand. Women and children gather the blossoms, which they place in little panniers like fishermen's baskets hung over the shoulders. They are then carried to the laboratory of flowers and weighed. In the laboratory the harvest of flowers has been anticipated. During the previous winter great quantities of grease, lard, and beef-suet have been collected, melted, washed, and clarified. The great success of this process depends on the absolute purity of the grease employed, and no pains are spared to this end. In each laboratory there are several thousand *chassis* (sashes), or framed glasses, upon which the grease to be scented is spread, and upon this grease the blossoms are sprinkled or laid. The *châsse en verre* is, in fact, a frame with a glass in it as near as possible like a window-sash, only that the frame is two inches thicker, so that when one *châsse* is placed on another, there is a space of four inches between every two glasses, thus allowing room for blossoms. Every *châsse*, or sash, is about two feet long by eighteen inches broad. The flower blossoms are changed every day, or every other day, as is convenient to the general work of the laboratory or flowering of the plants. The same grease, however, remains in the *châsse* so long as the particular plant being used yields blossoms. Each time the flowers are put on, the grease is "worked"—that is, serrated with a knife—so as to offer a fresh surface of grease to absorb odor. The grease being inflowered in this way for three weeks or more—in fact, so long as the plants produce blossoms, is at last scraped off the *châsse*, melted, strained, and poured into tin canisters.


PALM
WE RECOGNIZE HIS HAND
AND HIS KIND PROVIDENCE IN BRINGING THIS NATION SO NEAR
A TRIUMPHANT END OF THE MIGHTY CONTEST FOR FREEDOM AND GOOD GOVERNMENT
LIBERTY
WE HOLD OUT THE OLIVE BRANCH TO OUR
ERRING AND MISGUIDED BRETHREN OF THE SOUTHERN STATES,
AND PLEDGE TO ALL OF THEM WHO ARE LOYAL A HEARTY WEL
COME TO ALL THE BENEFITS OF OUR FREE REPUBLIC.
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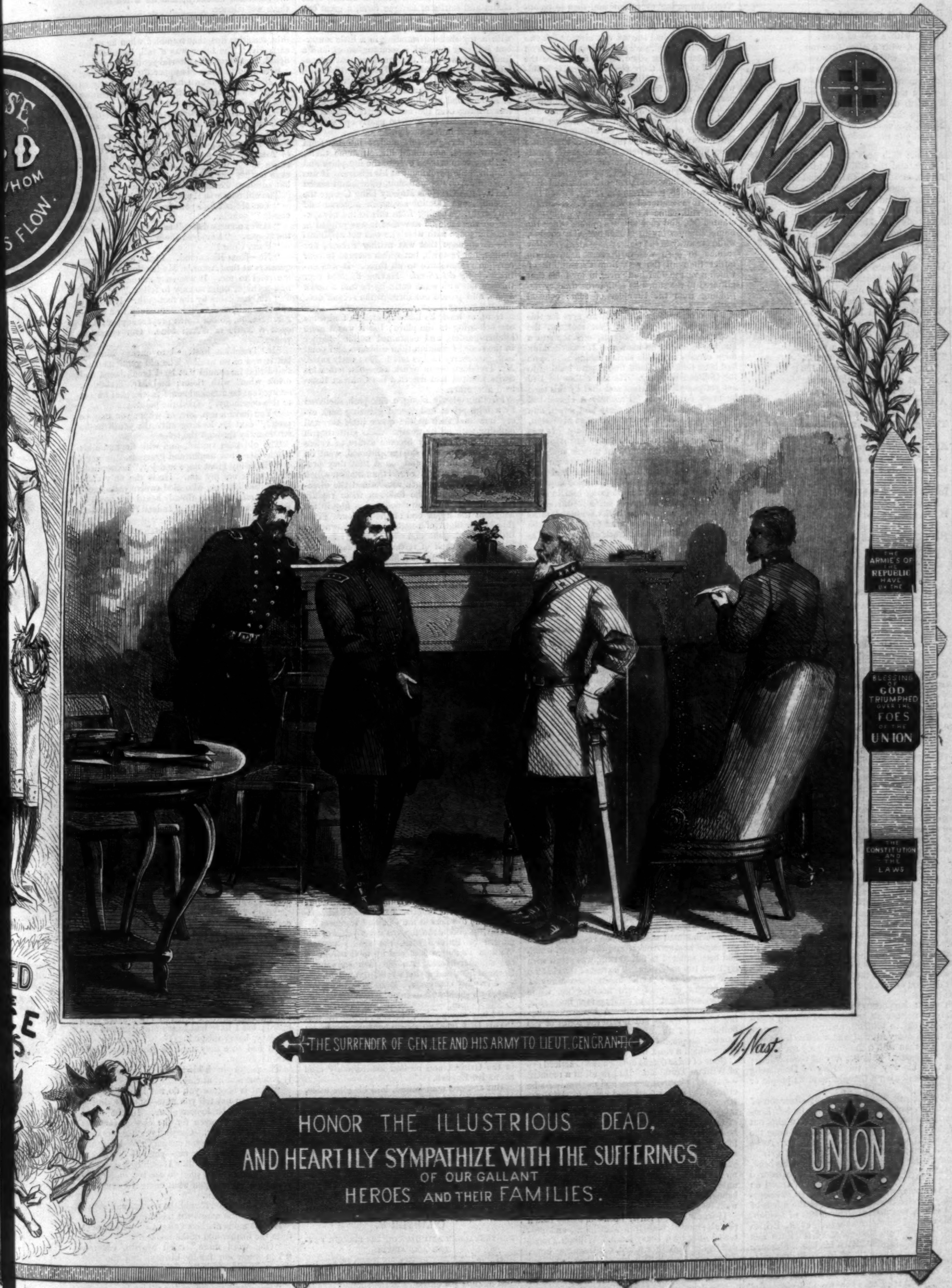
SUNDAY
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THE ARMIES OF THE REPUBLIC HAVE BY THE
BLESSING OF GOD TRIUMPHED OVER THE FOES OF THE UNION
THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS
ED
CE
S.
Th. Nast.
HONOR THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD,
AND HEARTILY SYMPATHIZE WITH THE SUFFERINGS
OF OUR GALLANT
HEROES AND THEIR FAMILIES.
UNION

THE SURRENDER OF GEN. LEE AND HIS ARMY TO LIEUT. GEN. GRANT.

HUMAN LIFE.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHATEAU ROTZBERG.

Amidst the many hundred miles which it traverses from its source in the glacier-land to its dispersion among the border flats of the Zuyder Zee, the great Rhine River flows through no district so full of strange interest, so wild, so primitive, so untrodden as that deep and lonely valley that lies between Chur and Thusis in the Canton Grisons. The passing traveler hastening on to the Splugen, the wandering artist eager for Italy, alike hurry past with scarce a glance or a thought for the gray peaks above, or the stony river-bed below the beaten highway. They little guess what green delicious valleys, what winding ravines, what legend-haunted ruins, and fragrant uplands jeweled with Alp-roses and purple gentian-blossoms, lie all unsought among the slopes and passes of the mountains round about. Still less do they dream that to some of those crumbling towers, from which the very ivy has long since withered away, there cling traditions many centuries older than Christ; or that in yonder scattered chalets, some of which cluster like swallows' nests on shelves of granite six or eight hundred feet above the level of the valley, there is yet spoken a language unknown to the rest of Europe. Only the historian and archæologist care to remember how there lie imbedded in that tongue the last fragments of a forgotten language; and how in the veins of the simple mountaineers who speak it, there yet linger some drops of the blood of a lost, a mighty, and a mysterious people.

Thus it happened that William Trefalden, who was neither an archæologist nor an historian, but only a brilliant, unscrupulous man of the world, every fibre of whose active brain was busy just then with a thousand projects, neither knew, nor cared to know, any of these things; but took his way up the valley of Domleschg without bestowing a thought upon its people or traditions.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day from that on which he left London. He had been on the road two nights out of the three; and yet his eye looked none the less bright, and his cheek none the paler. As he strode along in the deep shade, glancing up from time to time at the sunny heights above his head, his step grew freer, and his bearing more assured than usual. There was not a soil of travel on his garments. The shabby office coat so inseparably associated with its wearer in the minds of his clerks, was discarded for a suit of fashionable cut and indefinite hue, such as the British tourist delighteth to honor. His gloves and linen were faultless. Even his boots, although he was on foot, were almost free from dust. He looked, in short, so well dressed, and so unlike his daily self, that it may be doubted whether even Mr. Abel Keckwitch would have recognized his employer at the first glance, if that astute head clerk could by any possibility have met him on the way.

Absorbed in thought as he was, however, Mr. Trefalden paused every now and then to reconnoitre the principal features of the valley, and make certain of his landmarks. The village from which he had started was already left two miles behind; and, save a ruined watch-tower on a pedestal of rock some eighty feet above the level of the road, there was no accessible building in sight. The Hinter Rhine, with its gray waters still dull from the glacier, ran brawling past him all the way. There were pine forests climbing up the spurs of the mountains; and flocks of brown goats, with little tinkling bells about their necks, browsing over the green slopes lower down. Far above the sound of these little bells, uplifted, as it were, upon gigantic precipices of bare granite, rose, terrace beyond terrace, a whole upper world of rich pasture lands, cultivated fields, blossom-laden orchards, and tiny hamlets, which, seen from the valley, looked like carved toys scattered over the velvet sward. Higher still, came barren plateaus, groups of stunted firs, and rugged crags among which the unmelted snow lay in broad, irregular patches, while far away to the right, where another valley seemed to open westward, rose a mountain loftier than all the rest, from the summit of which a vast glacier hung over in icy folds that glittered to the sun, like sculptured drapery depending from the shoulder of some colossal statue.

But William Trefalden had no eyes for this grand scene. To him, at that moment, the mountains were but sign-posts, and the sun a lamp to light him on his way. He was seeking for a certain road-side shrine behind which, he had been told, he should find a path leading to the Château Rotzberg. He knew that he had not yet passed the shrine, and that by this time he must be near it. Presently a chapel-bell chimed from the heights, clear and sweet, and very distant. He paused to glance at his watch, and then pressed forward more rapidly. It was already a quarter to five, and he was anxious to reach his destination before the afternoon should grow much later. There was an abrupt curve in the road a few yards further on. He had been looking forward to this point for some minutes, and felt so sure that it must bring him in sight of the path, that when it actually did so he struck up at once through the scattered pines that fringed the waste-ground to the left of the road, and trod the beaten track as confidently as if he were familiar with every foot of the way.

As he went on the sound of the hurrying river died away, and the scattered pines became a thick plantation, fragrant and dusky. Then the ground grew hilly, and was broken up here and there by mossy boulders; and then came open daylight again, and a space of smooth sward, and a steep pathway leading up to another belt of pines. This second plantation was so precipitous that the path had in some places been laid down with blocks of rough stone, and short lengths of pine trunks, so as to form a kind of primitive staircase up the mountain-side. The ascent, however, was short, though steep, and Mr. Trefalden had not been climbing it for many minutes before he saw a bright shaft of sunlight piercing the fringed boughs some few yards in advance. Then the moss became suddenly golden beneath his feet, and he found himself on the verge of an open plateau, with the valley lying in deep shade some four hundred feet below, and the warm sun glowing on his face. There ran the steel-gray river, eddying but inaudible: there opened the broad Rheinthal, leading away mile after mile into the dim distance, with glimpses of white Alps on the horizon; while close by, within fifty yards of the spot on which he was standing, rose the ivied walls of the Château Rotzberg.

This, then, was the home to which his great-grandfather's eldest son had emigrated one hundred years before—this the birth-place of the heir-at-law! William Trefalden smiled somewhat bitterly as he paused and looked upon it.

It was a thoroughly Swiss medieval dwelling, utterly irregular, and consisting apparently of a cluster of some five or six square turrets, no two of which were of the same size or height. They were surmounted alike by steep slated roofs and grotesque weather-cocks; and the largest, which had been suffered to fall to ruin, was green with ivy from top to bottom. The rest of the château gave signs of only partial habitation. Many of the narrow windows were boarded up, while others showed a scrap of chintz on the inner side, or a flower-pot on the sill. A low wall inclosing a small court-yard lay to the south of the building, and was approached by a quaint old gateway supporting a sculptured scutcheon, close above which a stork had built his nest.

None of these details escaped the practiced eye of William Trefalden. He saw all in a moment—poverty, picturesqueness, and neglect. As he crossed the open sward, and came in sight of a steep road winding up from the valley on the other side, he remarked that there were no tracks of wheels upon it. Passing under the gateway he observed how the heraldic bearings were effaced upon the shield, and how those fractures were such as could only have been dealt by the hand of man. Not even the grass that had sprung up amidst the paving in the court-yard, nor the mossy pent-house over the well, nor the empty kennel in the corner, remained unnoticed as he went up to the door of the château.

It was standing partly open—a massy oaken portal, studded with iron stanchions, and protected only by a heavy latch. William Trefalden looked round for a bell, but there was none. Then he knocked with his clenched hand, but no one came. He called aloud, but no one answered. At last he went in.

The door opened into a stone hall of irregular shape, with a cavernous fire-place at one end and a large modern window at the other. The ceiling was low, and the rafters were black with smoke. An old carved press, a screen, some chairs and settles of antique form, a great oak table on which lay a newspaper and a pair of clumsy silver spectacles, a curious Swiss clock with a toy skeleton standing in a little sentry-box just over the dial, a spinning-wheel, and a linen-press, were all the furniture that it contained. A couple of heavy Tyrolean rifles, with curved stocks to fit to the shoulder, were standing behind the door, and an old sabre, a pair of antlers, and a yellow parchment in a black frame hung over the mantle-piece. A second door, also partly open, stood nearly opposite the first, and led into a garden.

Having surveyed this modest interior from the threshold, and found himself alone there, Mr. Trefalden crossed over to the fire-place and examined the parchment at his leisure. It was Captain Jacob's commission, signed and sealed by His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Second, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and forty-eight. Turning from this to the newspaper on the table he saw that it was printed in some language with which he was not acquainted—a language that was neither French, nor Italian, nor Spanish, but which seemed to bear a vague resemblance to all three. It was entitled *Amity del Pievel.* Having lingered over this journal with some curiosity he laid it down again, and passed out through the second door into the garden.

Here, at least, he had expected to find some one belonging to the place; but it was a mere kitchen-garden, and contained nothing higher in the scale of creation than cabbages and potatoes, gooseberry bushes and beds of early salad. Mr. Trefalden began to ask himself whether his Swiss kindred had deserted the Château Rotzberg altogether.

Strolling slowly along a side-path sheltered by a high privet hedge, and glancing back every now and then at the queer little turreted building with all its weather-cocks glittering in the sun, he suddenly became aware of voices not far distant. He stopped, listened, went on a few steps farther, and found that they proceeded from some lower level than that on which he stood. Having once ascertained the direction of the sounds he followed them rapidly enough. His quick eye detected a gap in the hedge at the upper end of the garden. From this gap a flight of rough steps led down to a little orchard some eighteen or twenty feet below—a mere shelf of verdure on the face of the precipice, commanding a glorious view all over the valley, and lying full to the sunset. It was planted thickly with fruit-trees, and protected at the verge of the cliff by a fragile rail. At the farther end, built up in an angle of the rock, stood a rustic summer-house newly thatched with Indian corn-straw. Toward this point William Trefalden made his way through the deep grass and the wild flowers.

As he drew nearer he heard the sounds again. There was but one voice now—a man's—and he was reading. What was he reading? Not German. Not that strange dialect printed in the *Amity del Pievel.* Certainly not Latin. He advanced a little farther. Was it—could it be—Greek?

Mr. Trefalden's Greek had grown somewhat rusty these last eighteen years or so; but there could be no mistake about those sonorous periods. He recognized the very lines as they fell from the lips of the speaker—lines sweet and strong as that godlike wine stored of old in the chamber of Ulysses. It was many and many a year since he had heard them, though at Eton they had been "familiar in his mouth as household words:"

About our heads elms and tall poplars whispered;
While from its rocky cave beside us trickled
The sacred waters of a limpid fountain.
The cricket chirped i' the hedge, and the sweet throstle
Sang loudly from the copse.

Who should this be but Theocritus of Sicily? William Trefalden could scarcely believe his ears. Theocritus in the valley of Domleschg! Theocritus in the mouths of such outer barbarians as the dwellers in the Château Rotzberg?

Having ended the famous description of the garden of Phrasidarnus, the reader paused. William Trefalden hastened up to the front of the summer-house. An old man smoking a German pipe, and a youth bending over a book, were its only occupants. Both looked up; and both, by a simultaneous impulse of courtesy, rose to receive him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "This is, I fear, an unceremonious intrusion; but I am not quite a stranger, and—"

He checked himself. French was the language which he had found generally understood in the Grisons, and he had inadvertently used his native English.

But the old man bowed, laid his pipe aside, and replied in English as pure as his own.

"Whoever you may be, Sir, you are welcome."

"I think I have the pleasure of addressing a relative," observed the lawyer. "My name is William Trefalden."

The old man stepped forward, took him by both hands, and, somewhat to his surprise, kissed him on each cheek.

"Cousin," he said, "thou art thrice welcome. Saxon, my son, embrace thy kinsman."

CHAPTER V.

MR. TREFALDEN AND HIS COUSINS BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED.

Mr. Trefalden took the rustic chair handed to him by his younger kinsman, and placed it just against the entrance to the summer-house. It was his habit, he said, to avoid a strong light, and the sunset dazzled him. The old man resumed his seat. The youth remained standing. Both looked at the new-comer with a cordial, undissembled curiosity; and for a few seconds there was silence.

Mr. Trefalden's elder kinsman was fragile, pale, white-haired, with brilliant dark eyes and thin, sensitive lips, that trembled when he spoke earnestly. The other was a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-browed, powerful young fellow, with a boyish down upon his upper lip, and a forest of thick, golden-brown hair, crisp and curly as the locks of Chaucer's Squire. His eyebrows and eyelashes were some shades darker than his hair; and his eyes looked out from beneath them with an expression half shy, half fearless, such as we sometimes see in the eyes of children. In short, he was as goodly a specimen of the race of Adam as one might hope to meet with between London and the valley of Domleschg, or even farther; and this Mr. Trefalden could not but admit at the first glance.

The old man was the first to speak.

"You did not find your way without a guide, cousin?" said he.

"It was no very difficult achievement," replied the lawyer. "I enjoyed the walk."

"From Chur?"

"No—from Richmond. I have taken up my quarters at the 'Adler.' My landlord described the road to me. It was easy enough to find; not, perhaps, quite so easy to follow."

"Ah, you came by the foot-path. It is sadly out of repair, and would seem steep to a stranger. Saxon, go bid Kettli prepare supper; and open a bottle of d'Asti wine. Our cousin is weary."

Mr. Trefalden hastened to excuse himself; but it was of no avail. The old gentleman insisted that he should "at least break bread and drink wine" with them; and Mr. Trefalden, seeing that he attached some patriarchal import to this ceremony, yielded the point.

"You have a son, Sir, of whom you may be proud," said he, looking after the youth as he strode away through the trees.

The old man smiled, and with the smile his whole face grew tender and gracious.

"He is my great hope and joy," he replied; "but he is not my son. He is the only child of my dear brother, who died twelve years ago."

Mr. Trefalden had already heard this down at Richmond; but he said, "Indeed?" and looked interested.

"My brother was a farmer," continued the other; "I entered the Lutheran church. He married late in life; I have been a bachelor all my days."

"And your brother's wife," said Mr. Trefalden, "is she still living?"

"No; she died two years after she became a mother. For twelve years Saxon has had no parent but myself. He calls me 'father'—I call him 'son.' I could not love him more if he were really my own offspring. I have been his only tutor also. I have taught him all that I know. Every thought of his heart is open to me. He is what God and my teaching have made him."

"He is a magnificent fellow, at all events," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"My brother was almost as tall and handsome at his age," replied the pastor, with a sigh.

"What *is* his age?" asked the lawyer.

"He was twenty-two on the thirtieth of last December."

"I should not have taken him to be more than twenty."

"Twenty-two—twenty-two years and four months—a man in age, in stature, in strength, in learning; but a boy at heart, cousin—a boy at heart!"

"All the better for him," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet voice and pleasant smile. "Many of the greatest men that ever lived were boys to the last."

"I have no desire to see my Saxon become a great man," said Martin Trefalden, hastily. "God forbid it! I have tried to make him a good man. That is enough."

"And I have no doubt that you have succeeded."

The old man looked troubled.

"I have tried," said he; "but I know not whether I have tried in the right way. I have trained him according to my own belief and ideas; and what I have done has been done for the best. I may have acted wrongly. I may not have done my duty; but I have strove to do it. I prayed for light—I prayed for God's blessing on my work. I believed my prayers were heard; but I have had heavy misgivings of late—heavy, heavy misgivings!"

"I feel sure they must be groundless," said Mr. Trefalden.

The pastor shook his head. He was evidently anxious and ill at ease.

"That is because you do not know," replied he. "I can not tell you now—another time—when we can be longer alone. In the mean while I thank Heaven for the chance that has brought you hither. Cousin, you are our only surviving kinsman—you are acquainted with the world—you will advise me—you will be good to him! I am sure you will. I see it in your face."

"I shall be very glad to receive your confidence and to give you what counsel I can," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"God bless you!" said the pastor, and shook hands with him across the table.

At this moment there came a sound of voices from the farther end of the terrace.

"One word more," cried Martin, eagerly. "You know our family history, and the date that is drawing near."

"I do."

"Not a syllable before *him* till we have again spoken together. Hush! he is here."

A giant shadow fell upon the grass, and young Saxon's six feet of substance stood between them and the sun. He held a dish in his hands and a bottle under his arm, and was followed by a stalwart peasant woman, laden with plates and glasses.

"The evening is so warm," said he, "that I thought our cousin would prefer to stay here; so Kettli and I have brought the supper with us."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Mr. Trefalden. "By-the-way, Saxon, I must compliment you on your Greek. Theocritus is an old friend of mine, and you read him remarkably well."

The young man, who had just removed the book from the table, and was assisting to spread the cloth, blushed like a girl.

"He and Anacreon were my favorite poets," added the lawyer; "but that was a long time ago. I fear I now remember very little of either."

"I have not read Anacreon," said Saxon; "but of all those I know, I love Homer best."

"Ay, for the fighting," suggested his uncle, with a smile.

"Why not, when it's such grand fighting?"

"Then you prefer the Iliad to the Odyssey," said Mr. Trefalden. "Now, for my part, I always took more pleasure in the adventures of Ulysses. The scenery is so various and romantic; the fiction so delightful."

"I don't like Ulysses," said Saxon, bluntly. "He's so crafty."

"He is therefore all the truer to nature," replied Mr. Trefalden. "All Greeks are crafty, and Ulysses is the very type of his race."

"I can not forgive him on that plea. A hero must be better than his race, or he is no hero at all."

"That is true, my son," said the pastor.

"I allow that the Homeric heroes are not Bayards; but they are great men," said Mr. Trefalden, defending his position less for the sake of argument than for the opportunity of studying his cousin's opinions.

"Ulysses is not a great man," replied Saxon, warmly; "much less a hero."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"You have all the world against you," said he.

"The world lets itself be blinded by tradition," answered Saxon. "Can a man be a hero, and steal? a hero, and tell lies? a hero, and afraid to give his name? Tell of Altdorf was not one of that stamp. When Gessler questioned him about the second arrow he told the truth, and was ready to die for it."

"You are an enthusiast on the subject of heroes," said Mr. Trefalden, jestingly.

The young man blushed again, more deeply than before.

"I hate Ulysses," he said. "He was a contemptible fellow: and I don't believe that Homer wrote the Odyssey at all."

With this he addressed some observation to Kettli, who answered him, and took her departure.

"What a strange dialect!" said Mr. Trefalden, his attention diverted into another channel. "Did I not see a newspaper printed in it, as I passed just now through the house?"

"You did; but it is no dialect," replied the pastor, as they took their places round the table. "It is a language—a genuine language; copious, majestic, elegant, and more ancient by many centuries than the Latin."

"You surprise me."

"Its modern name," continued the old man, "is the Rhæto-Romansch. If you desire to know its ancient name, I must refer you back to a period earlier, perhaps, than even the foundation of Alba Longa, and certainly long anterior to Rome. But, cousin, you do not eat."

"I have really no appetite," pleaded Mr. Trefalden, who found neither the goat's-milk cheese nor the salad particularly to his taste. "Besides, I am much interested in what you tell me."

The pastor's face lighted up.

"I am glad of it," he said, eagerly. "I am very glad of it. It is a subject to which I have devoted the leisure of a long life."

"But you have not yet told me the ancient name of this Romansch tongue?"

Saxon, who had been looking somewhat uneasy during the last few minutes, was about to speak; but his uncle interposed.

"No, no, my son," he said, eagerly, "these are matters with which I am more conversant than thou. Leave the explanation to me."

The young man bent forward, and whispered, "Briefly, then, dearest father."

Mr. Trefalden's quick ear caught the almost inaudible warning. It was his destiny to gain more than one insight into character that evening.

The pastor nodded, somewhat impatiently, and launched into what was evidently a favorite topic.

"Look round," he said, "at these mountains. They have their local names, as the Galanda, the Ringel, the Albula, and so forth; but they have also a general and classified name. They are the Rhætian Alps. Among them lie numerous valleys, of which this, the Hinter-Rhein-Thal is the chief. Yonder lie the passes of the Splugen and the Stelvio, and beyond them the plains of Lombardy. You probably know this already; but it is important to my explanation that you should have a correct idea of our geography here in the Grisons."

Mr. Trefalden bowed, and begged him to proceed. Saxon ate his supper in silence.

"Well," continued the pastor, "about two thousand eight hundred years ago, these Alps were peopled by a hardy aboriginal race, speaking the same language, or the germs of the same language, which is spoken here to this day by their descendants. These aborigines followed the instincts which God would seem to have implanted in the hearts of all mountain races. They wearied of their barren fastnesses. They poured down into the southern plains. They expelled the native Umbrians, and settled as conquerors in that part of Italy which lies north of Ancona and the Tiber. There they built cities, cultivated literature and the arts, and reached a high degree of civilization. When I tell you that they had attained to this eminence before the era of Romulus; that they gave religion, language, and arts to Rome herself; that, according to the decreed fate of nations, they fell through their own luxury, and were enslaved in their turn; that, pursued by the Gaul or the Celt, they fled back at last to these same mountains from which they had emigrated long centuries before; that they erected some of those strong-holds, the imperishable ruins of which yet stand above our passes; and that in this Rhæto-Romansch tongue of the Grisons survive the last utterances of their lost poets and historians—when, cousin, I tell you all these things, you will, I think, have guessed already what the name of that ancient people must have been?"

Now it happened, somewhat unluckily, that Mr. Trefalden had lately read, somewhere or another, a review of somebody's book on this very subject; so, when the old man paused, quite warm and flushed with his own eloquence, he found himself prepared with a reply.

"If," said he, "I had not taken an impression—if, in short, I had not understood that the Etruscans were originally a Lydian tribe—"

"You took that impression from Herodotus!" interrupted the pastor.

"No; for the best of reasons. I never was Grecian enough to do battle with Herodotus."

"From Tacitus, then?"

"Possibly from Tacitus."

"Yes, Tacitus supports that theory, but he is wrong; so does Herodotus, and he is wrong; so do Strabo, Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, Velleius Paterculus, Servius, and a host of others, and they are all wrong—utterly wrong—every one of them!"

"But where—"

"Livy supposes that the emigration was from the plains to the mountains—folly, mere folly! Does not every example in history point to the contrary? The dwellers in plains fly to the mountains for refuge; but emigration flows as naturally from the heights to the flats as streams flow down from the glaciers to the valleys. Hellanicus of Lesbos would have us believe they were Pelasgians. Dionysius of Halicarnassus asserts that they were the aborigines of the soil. Gorius makes them Rhænician—Bonarota, Egyptian—Maffei, Canaanite—Guaruacci—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden; "but when I said I had understood that the Etruscans were of Lydian origin—"

"They were nothing of the kind!" cried the pastor, trembling with excitement. "If they had been his countrymen, would not Xanthus of Lydia have chronicled the event? He never even names them. Can you conceive an English historian omitting the colonization of America, or a Spanish historian passing over the conquest of Mexico? No, cousin, you must forgive me for saying that he who embraces the empty theories of Herodotus and Tacitus commits a grievous error. I can show you such archæological evidence—"

"I assure you," said Mr. Trefalden, laughingly, "that I have not the least disposition to do any thing of the kind. It is a subject upon which I know absolutely nothing."

"And, father," began Saxon, laying his hand gently on the old man's arm, "I think you forget—"

"No, no, I forget nothing," interrupted his uncle, too much possessed by his own argument to listen to any one. "I do not forget that Gibbon pronounced the Lydian theory a theme for only poets and romancists. I do not forget that Steub, whatever the tenor of his other opinions, at least admitted the unity of the Etruscan and Rhætian tongues. Then there was Niebuhr—although *he* fell under the mistake of supposing the Etruscan to be a mixed race, he believed the Rhætians of these Alps to have been the true stock, and maintained that they reduced the Pelasgi to a state of vassalage. Niebuhr was a great man, a fine historian, an enlightened scholar. I corresponded with him, cousin, for years, on this very subject; but I could never succeed in convincing him of the purely Rhætian nationality of the Etruscan people. He always would have it that they were amalgamated with the Pelasgians. It was a great pity! I wish I could have set him right before he died.

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"I wish you could," he said; "but it grows late, and I shall never find my way back before dark if I do not at once bid you good-evening."

The pastor put his hand to his brow in a bewildered way.

"I—I fear I have talked too much," he said, shyly. "I have wearied you. Pray forgive me. When I begin upon this subject, I do not know where to stop."

"That is because you know so much about it," replied the lawyer. "But I have listened with great pleasure, I assure you."

"Have you? Have you, indeed?"

"And have learned a great deal that I did not know before."

"I will show you all Niebuhr's letters, another time, and copies of my replies," said the old man, "if you care to read them."

He was now quite radiant again, and wanted only a word of encouragement to resume the conversation; but Mr. Trefalden had had more than enough of the Etruscans already.

"Thank you," said he; "thank you—another time. And now good-by."

"No, no—stay a moment longer. I have so much to say to you—so many questions to ask. How long do you stay in Richmond?"

"Some days, perhaps a week."

"Are you on your way to Italy?"

"Not at all. I wanted change of air, and I have come abroad for a fortnight's holiday or so. My object in choosing Richmond for a resting-place is solely to be near you."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"How good of you!" he said, simply. "I should never have seen you if you had not found your way hither—and, after all, we three are the last of our name. Cousin, will you come here?"

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I shall come again, of course, to-morrow."

"I mean, will you come here for the time of your stay? I hardly like to ask you, for I know the 'Adler' is far more comfortable than our little desolate eyrie. But still, if you can put up with farmer's fare and mountain habits, you shall have a loving welcome."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"I thank you," said he, "as much as if I accepted your hospitality; but it is impossible. We Londoners lead busy, feverish lives, and become enslaved of all kinds of unhealthy customs. Your habits and mine differ as widely as the habits of an Esquimaux and a Friendly Islander. Shall I confess the truth? You have just supped—I am now going back to Richmond to dinner."

"To dinner?"

"Yes, eight is my hour. I can not depart from it even when traveling; so you see I dare not become your guest. However, I shall see you daily, and my young cousin here must do the honors of the neighborhood to me."

"That I will," said Saxon, heartily.

Mr. Trefalden then shook hands with the pastor, and Saxon having declared his intention of seeing him down the mountain, they went away together.

WAITING.

UNDER the silent trees,
Here in the noontide glow,
Watching the winding line
Threading the valley below;

Waiting for one who is coming
Hitherward, early to-day—
Fair as a lily in moonlight,
Sweeter than milk-white may.

Near me the river flows
Silently on, like Love;
Yonder the kingfisher dips,
Dragon-flies glisten above.

Leaves are green, and the blue
Is soft as a wing overhead;
Shoots, like a beam, the trout
O'er the gold of the river's bed.

How have I longed for to-day,
With an aching void at my heart—
Can I believe she is coming,
Never again to depart?

Grant it, O thou bright Heaven!
For life without her at best
Is a weary, aimless dream,
Dreamed in a night of unrest.

Yonder the quick white stream—
Oh! should she not be there!
Peace, wild heart, for I see
The gleam of her golden hair!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CYNICAL SENTIMENTS.

A GOOD-NATURED fellow is another name for a fool. To gain the name, do your friends' dirty work without hope of thanks or reward.

Why doctors give advice gratis is because it is generally worth nothing.

A modern belle and a pauper are much alike. Each tries to gain a settlement—one by a marriage, the other by a parish.

When two women are seen talking earnestly together, an affidavit may be taken that the subject of their conversation is dress, or, if married, their husbands.

No man's character is so black but what it may be cleaned by gold, if only enough of the metal be used.

Love in men is like the distemper in dogs. Neither puppies nor men are worth any thing until they have had it.

A woman is always ready to praise a friend's dress—when she wants to get a new one out of her husband.

A proverbially easy man is the hardest to deal with.

The horse-leech had only one daughter, says the proverb, and she cried continually, "Give, give!" but the family must have been larger, since each husband fancies he has married her.

EPITAPH ON AN ÆRONAUT.—I shall rise again.

DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.—Wives who are always *blowing-up* their husbands.

MISTAKEN EMPHASIS.—An elderly gentleman being ill one of his friends sent a messenger with the usual inquiry, which, however, he had not pronounced with due emphasis—"I'll thank you to take my compliments, and ask how old Mr. W. is." The messenger departed on his errand and speedily returned, saying—"He's just sixty-eight, Sir!"

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Suspended Payment.

MORTIFICATION.—At a medical examination a young aspirant for a doctor's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" Think of the amazement his questioner must have felt when he gave the following answer, "When you propose and are refused."

"WELL, doctor," said a chap suffering with the tooth-ache, "how much do you ax for the job? By Jove! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are fifty cents." "Fifty cents for one minute's work! Fifty cents, by Jove! Why, a doctor down at our place drawed a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work—and he charged me only a quarter. Fifty cents for a minute's work! Oh, git out! you must be jokin'!"

Bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a public dinner—"The ladies, sweet-briers in the garden of life."

SHARP CHILD.—Recently the wife of one of the city fathers of New Bedford presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father took his little daughter, four years of age, to see her new relations. She looked at the diminutive little beings a few moments, when, turning to her father, she inquired, "Pa, which one are you going to keep?"

ADHESION TO LOW HABITS.—To tell lies and *stick* to them.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Rent and Taxes.

"You make my blood boil," as the live lobster cried out in the sauce-pan.

A youth of nine or ten summers who attends to Sabbath-school, and is one of those "infants terrible," was asked by his teacher, not very long since, what the phylacteries of the Pharisees were. "Broad hems, such as ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. "But the Pharisees didn't wear them for the same reason that the ladies do, did they?" "Oh yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

A dealer in ready-made linen advertises his shirts and chemises under the mellifluous appellation of "male and female envelopes."

"Did you ever go to evening-parties?"

"No," said my friend Tom. "I used to, but I'm cured."

"How so?" said I, anxious to learn his experience.

"Why, you see," said Tom, feelingly, "I went to one some few years back, and fell in love with a beautiful girl—that she was. Well, Sir, I courted her like a trump, and I thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor—yes, Sir, that lovely creature did."

"She showed bad taste," said I, compassionately.

"More than that," remarked Tom, nervously. "Downright inhumanity is the word. I could stand being jilted for a city broker, a captain with whiskers, or any thing showy, that I could; but to be cut out, like a suit of clothes, by the ninth part of a man—a trifle over the decimal fraction of humanity—that was brutality. But I swore vengeance—that I did."

"Vengeance?" I nervously inquired.

"Yes, Sir," said Tom, with earnestness, "and I took it. I patronized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense. The tailor laid himself out on the job. I tell you they were stunning, you may believe me."

"But your vengeance?" said I, prompting him.

"I struck that tailor in his most vital part—that I did. I never paid that bill—no, Sir, I didn't. But those infernal clothes were the cause of all my future misfortunes—that they were."

"How so?" said I, with a smile of compassion.

"Wearing them I captivated my present wife. She told me so, and I haven't had a happy day since. But I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor in the long-run. I've left him a legacy on condition that he marries my widow."

THE BED.—A bed sees us born and sees us die; it is a theatre of changes, in which mankind play, by turns, interesting dramas, laughable farces, and frightful tragedies. It is a cradle garnished with flowers, it is the throne of love, it is the couch of death, a resting-place on the way to the sepulchre.

A gentleman passing through one of our public offices was affronted by some clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did, thus: "I have been abused here by some of the rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the *principal*."

"Papa," said Mr. Brown's youngest son, the other day, can I go to the circus?" "No," my boy, affectionately replied Mr. B.; "if you are a good boy I will take you to see your grandmother's grave this afternoon."

"**A STRANGE STORY.**"—The present fashion of selecting odd phrases and mottoes as the titles for novels is open to much ridicule. A correspondent has sent us the following as the result of the cursory perusal of a publisher's circular: "Belial," feeling somewhat "Alone in the world," bethought himself of taking a stroll. He passed "The House by the Church-yard," and, after trampling down the "Wheat and Tares," emerged "By the Sea." There, as it were, advancing "Against Wind and Tide," he spied, "Beneath the Surface," "Breakers Ahead." This was "A Bad Beginning"—a kind of "Notice to Quit;" so he turned into "Belforest," and encountered "Some Famous Girls" (both "Black and White"), who have since become "Famous Women." He was introduced to "A Woman of Spirit by a Woman Without." He beheld "Eleanor's Victory" and "Christian's Mistake," and heard "Carry's Confession." "Here be 'Shattered Idols' and 'Singed Moths,'" quoth he; "Grasp your Nettle," but "Look before you Leap," for "Who Breaks, Pays." Eleanor was "Put to the Test," Christian was "Paid in Full," and Carry was "Recommended to Mercy." It was just the "Darkest before Dawn," but Belial perceived "The Woman in White" ("Moulded out of Faults") fighting with "The Man in Chains," and "How to Manage It," she did not know. "Once and Again" she seemed "Lost and Saved," but at last she inflicted "The Cruelest Wrong of All," and fled, crying out "Quits!" "A Life for a Life!" and he was "Left to the World," "Alone." "It was to be," and "Such Things Are;" for, though "Wondrous Strange," they are "Too Strange not to be True."

CHAMPION OF THE LIGHT WEIGHTS.—Banting.

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.—"Screwed" up.

FOUR POINTS OF A CASE.—An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section had done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any farther. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first does affliction denote,
Which my second was born to endure;
And my whole is the best antidote
That affliction can soften and cure?

Wo-man.

If an ungrateful man's wife fall overboard, what letter would he exclaim?

Letter B (let her be).

Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato?

A bee-hive is a bee-holder, and a beholder is a spectator, and a specked tater is a bad tater.

What is that no one wishes to have, and yet no one wishes to lose?

A bald head.

Why is a hen sitting across a gate like a half-penny?

Because there is a head on one side and a tail on the other.

My first is myself in a short little word;
My second's a puppet, and you are my third.

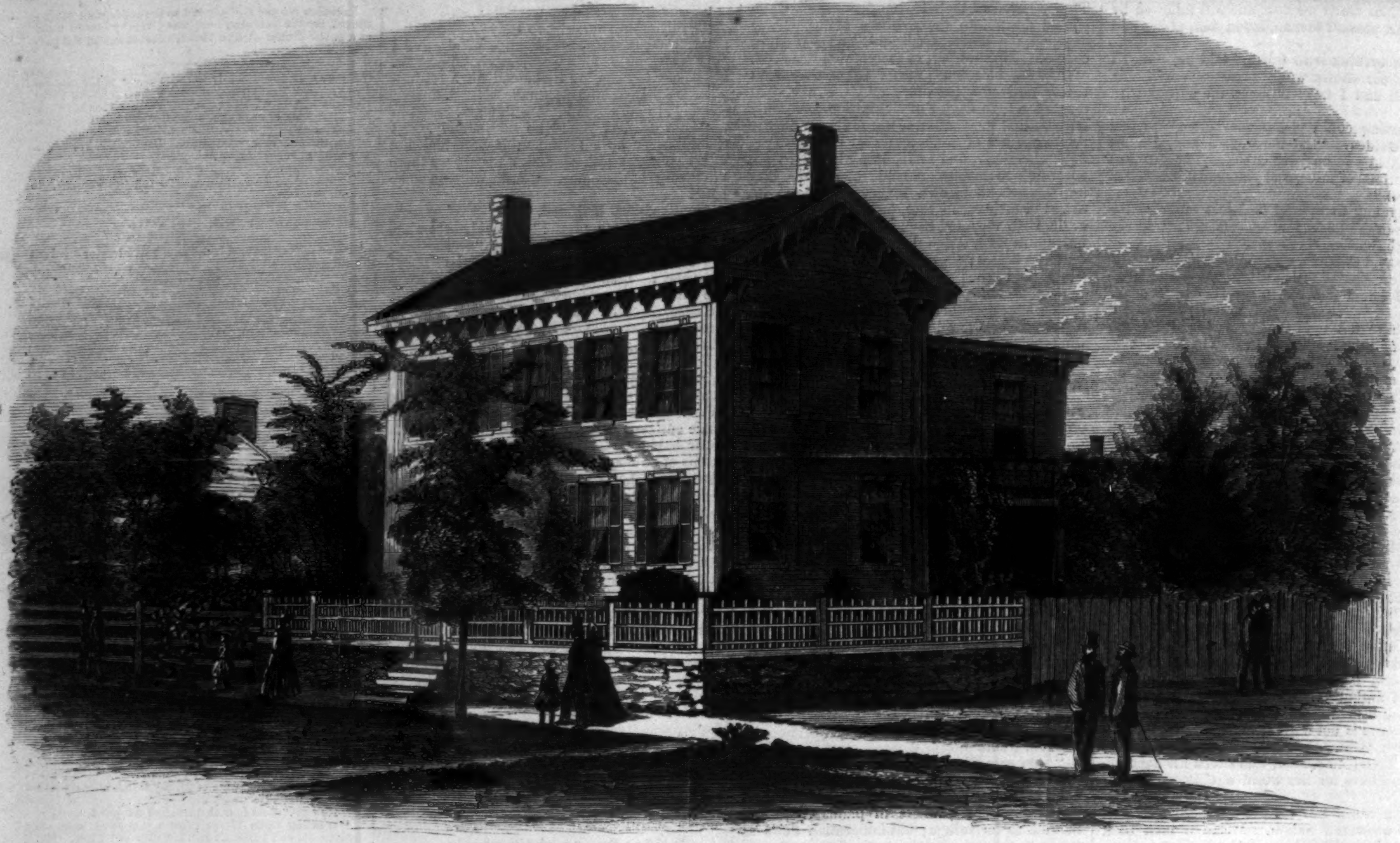
I-dol.

Why was the elephant the last animal that entered the ark?

Because he stopped behind to pack up his trunk.

Why do fashionable ladies make the most economical housekeepers?

Because they make a great bustle about a little waste (waist).



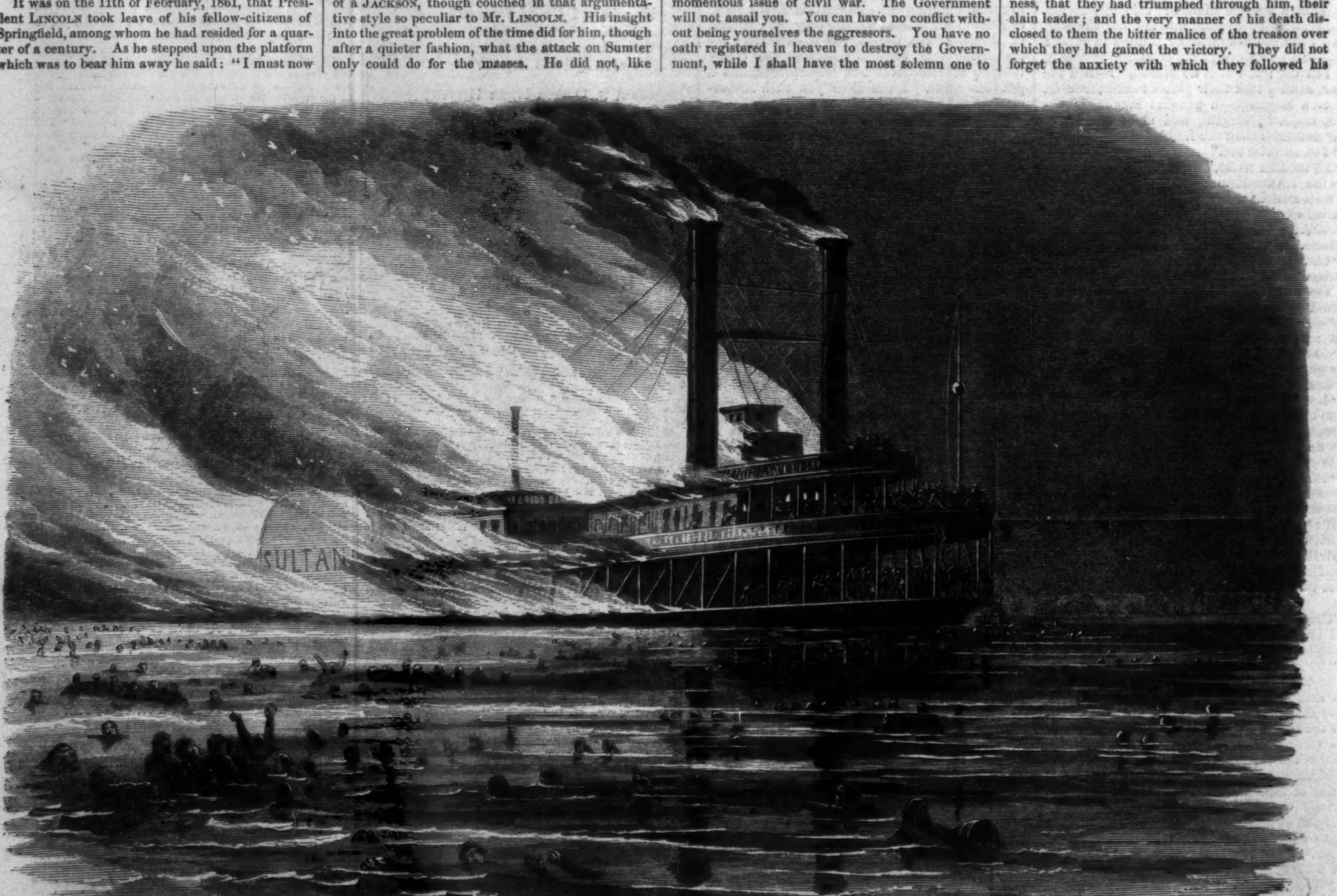
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FORMER HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S OLD HOME.

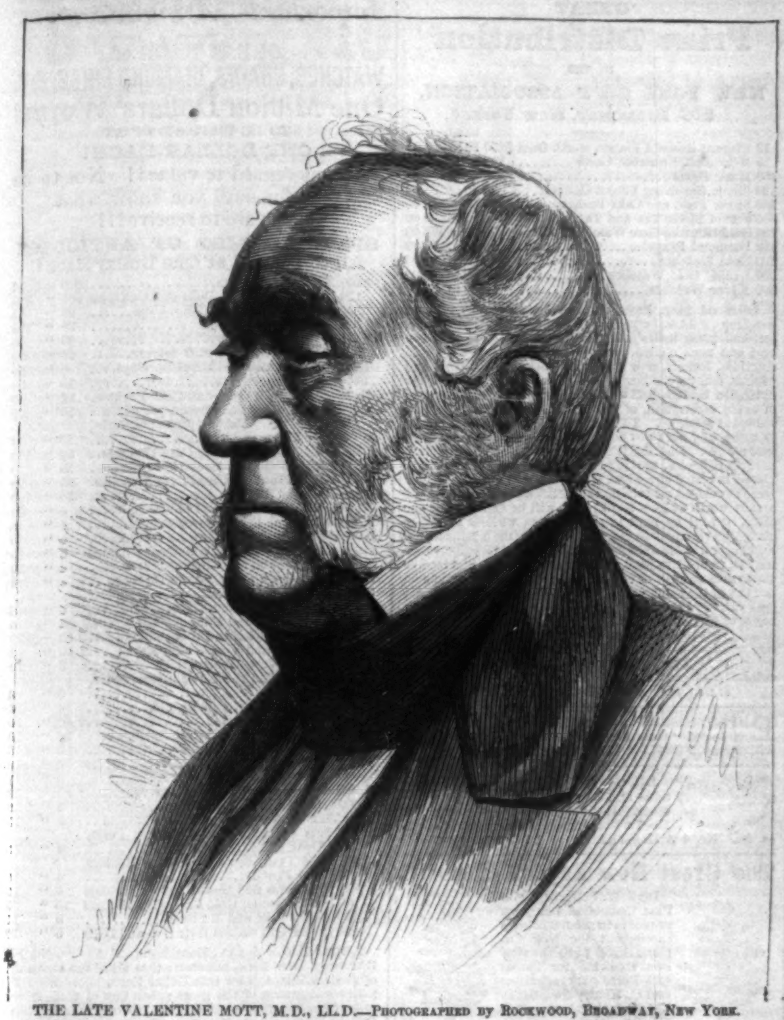
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S remains have been tenderly laid to rest at Springfield, his former home. The route, which little more than four years ago the then newly-elected President took from Springfield to Washington, has been retraced, under circumstances how different! Different as regards the terrible *national* drama of the last four years by what degrees of joy! Different as regards the *personal* drama in which our great leader has played, by what degrees of sacred sadness!

It was on the 11th of February, 1861, that President LINCOLN took leave of his fellow-citizens of Springfield, among whom he had resided for a quarter of a century. As he stepped upon the platform which was to bear him away he said: "I must now leave you—for how long I know not....I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon WASHINGTON....I ask your prayers." How the people hung upon every word which that man uttered on that memorable march to the front! Only the historian, who shall record the loose and ill-weighed utterances of other prominent men at that critical period of our history, can properly estimate to what degree Mr. LINCOLN moulded and almost *created* the national sentiment which from that moment prevailed. His statements were made not with Jacksonian ardor, but with all the firmness of a JACKSON, though couched in that argumentative style so peculiar to Mr. LINCOLN. His insight into the great problem of the time did for him, though after a quieter fashion, what the attack on Sumter only could do for the masses. He did not, like JACKSON in 1833, say to the South: "Submit peaceably or I'll make you feel what virtue there is in harsher methods of procuring submission!" He carefully guarded against menace, but he said quietly and firmly: "I hold that the Union of these States is perpetual....I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States....The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property of the Government....In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it. We are not enemies, but friends. We *must* not be enemies!" Nothing Jacksonian in all that; but something of more than Jacksonian stability!

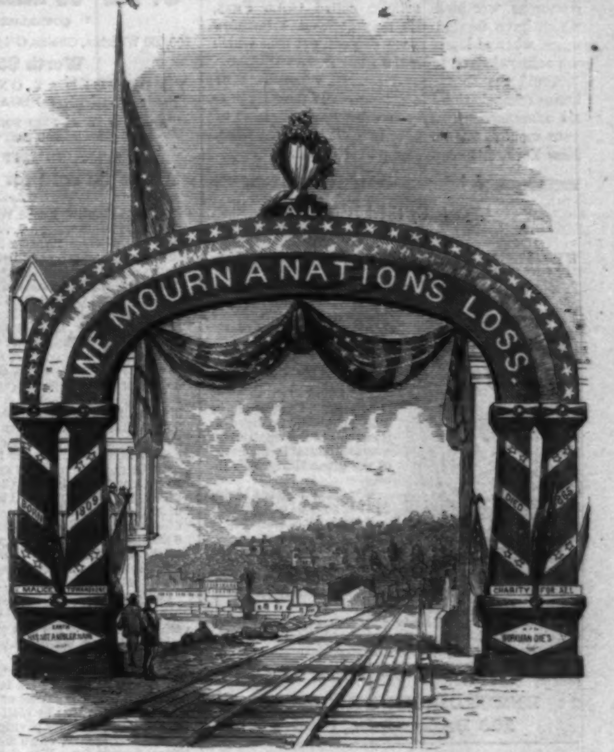
Four years have passed. LINCOLN has fulfilled his solemn pledge "to preserve, protect, and defend." Aggressive treason has been punished and crushed; and as the martyred President's remains moved homeward from the scene of his anxious but glorious career to the haven of his final rest, the people that erected arches of triumph at every stage of his last march did not forget, even in their sadness, that they had triumphed through him, their slain leader; and the very manner of his death disclosed to them the bitter malice of the treason over which they had gained the victory. They did not forget the anxiety with which they followed his



EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER "SULTANA," APRIL 28, 1865.



THE LATE VALENTINE MOTT, M.D., LL.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
[SEE FIRST PAGE.]


A.L.
WE MOURN A NATION'S LOSS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—MEMORIAL ARCH ERECTED AT SING SING, APRIL 25, 1865.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

course from Springfield to the Capital in 1861. Then all was uncertainty. But now, as they bore LINCOLN back to his rest, all was triumphant. Somehow they felt that this man had been linked in his life and his death inseparably with the national salvation that had been accomplished. It was fitting then, that, while they draped their streets with black, they should at the same time rear above his fallen head the arch of triumph.

Henceforth Oak Ridge, at Springfield, becomes, like Mount Vernon, the Mecca of our pilgrimage. Not only LINCOLN's burial-place but his former homestead will become the centre of unusual interest. We give on page 316 an illustration of the house which President LINCOLN for fifteen years made his home. It was here that he received the deputation which came to officially inform him of his nomination to the Presidency. It is situated a few squares from the State House. The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes it:

"You remember that it is an unpretending two-story frame-house with a one-story L, which, the house being on a street corner, fronts another street than the main building. It is, or rather was, some years ago, painted a yellow straw color, is plainly furnished, and contains but eight rooms altogether. In the small yard are several quite large apple-trees, now in full blossom, and there is some shrubbery. The favorite chair in which he sat and the desk at which he wrote are still there, as are many other of his old personal surroundings. To-day the hundreds of visitors are begging every thing available as souvenirs—sprigs from the shrubbery, blossoms from the trees, even palings from the fence for canes."

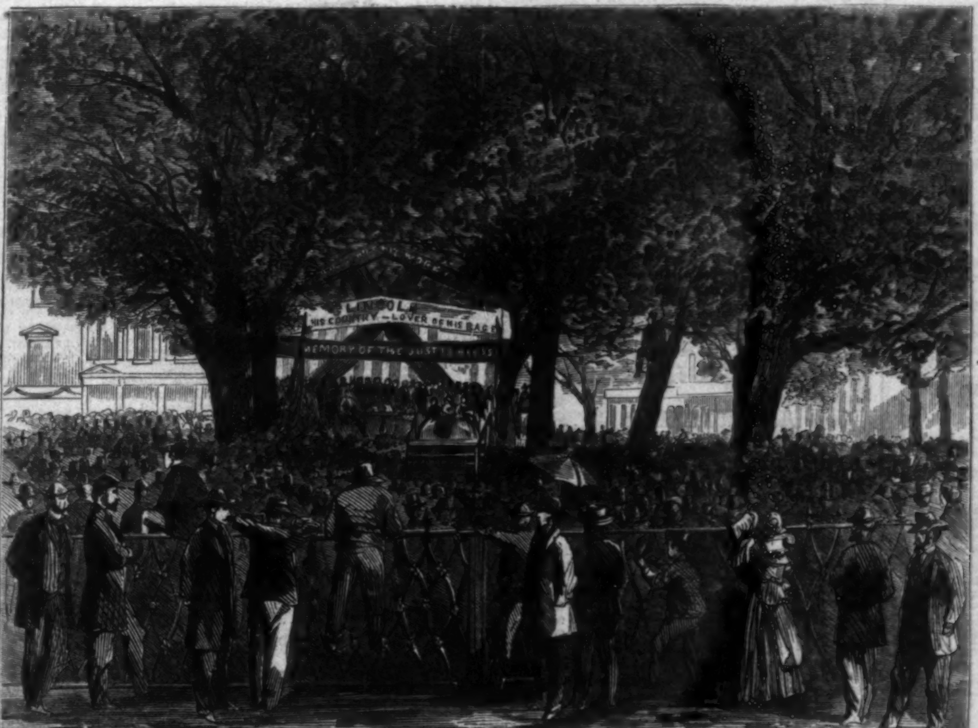
A gentleman who recently visited the house thus writes us:

"I found the ante-Presidential mansion to be, exteriorly, not unworthy of the occupancy of a leading lawyer in the capital of his State; while the interior, as shown by the kindly-welcoming tenants of the President of the United States, revealed an exceedingly comfortable and roomy house; and as a portion of its movables was purchased from the landlord, I shall take the liberty of looking on the whole from a public point of view, and characterizing its furniture as at once abundant, good, and handsome, with enough of literary and æsthetic appliances, in the way of books, pictures, statuettes, and 'fine litter' generally, to make it fully as elegant as is consistent with its character. The parlors, dining-room, and library on the ground-floor, and the bedrooms up stairs (in ascending the staircase to which its tall inmate of four years ago must have been obliged to bend himself nearly double, I should suppose, to save his own head from the bulkhead above), contain many relics of its former occupants, perhaps the most interesting being a large book-case in the back-parlor, reaching quite up to the ceiling—which, however, somewhat corresponds altitudinally to the bulk head of the staircase. It is a substantial, handsome affair, of solid black walnut (if the somewhat dim light in which I saw it did not deceive me), without carving or ornament, the glazed upper leaves displaying a goodly array of standard books; and the lower portion having a folding-leaf desk, at which our worthy President used to sit, and with a row of pigeon-holes above, which doubtless used to hold his briefs when he was country lawyer.

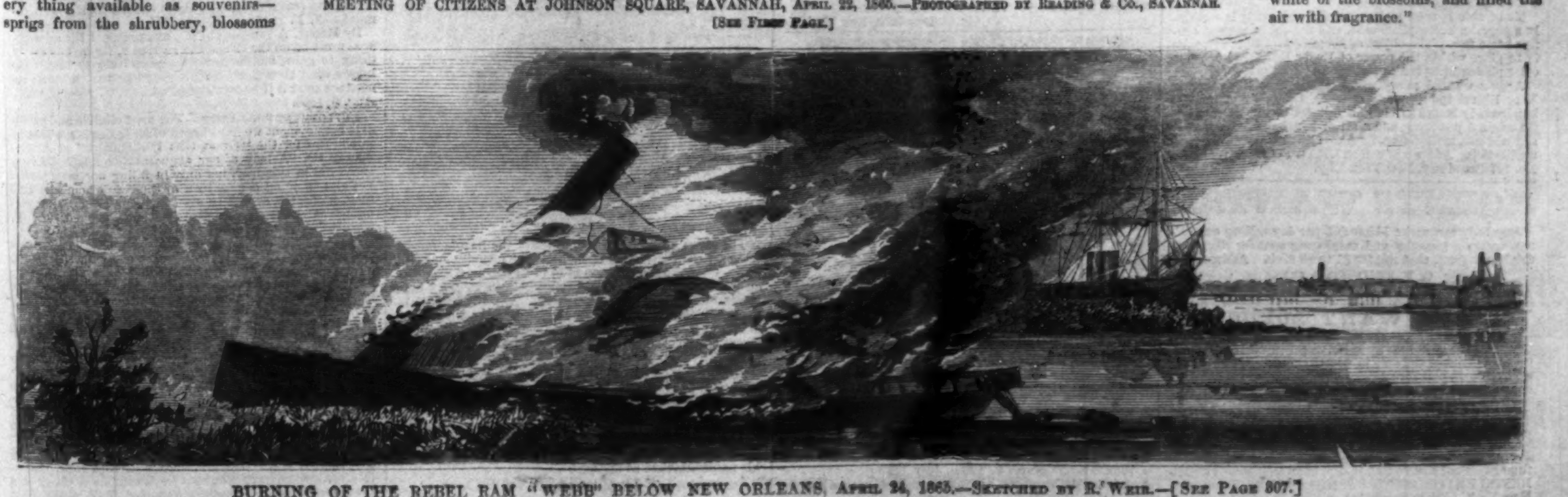
"When the ante-Presidential dwelling was first taken possession of by its late occupants it was but a one-and-a-half-story house, guiltless of balcony, cornices, brackets, or 'fancy mouldings' of any kind, in all of which it now rejoices; but as the family and legal reputation it jointly sheltered simultaneously increased, the mistress thereof—as is the wont in such cases—asked for more room and a more fitting exterior. Perhaps the master did not fancy having the legal arguments revolved in his brain in front of the folding-leaf desk and its superjacent pigeon-holes knocked out of it by the din of hammering and sawing, or perhaps he thought it was best to leave well enough alone; but, for whatever reason, the desires of the mistress were not responded to as promptly as she desired; once when he was absent—attending some circuit, perhaps—she got the carpenters, and painters, and what not, at work, to add a story to its height, and 'put on some gingerbread,' as he afterward expressed it. In due time the proprietor returned, and beholding the transformation, went about the town asking his neighbors if they knew where one ABRAHAM LINCOLN lived, and whose grand house it was that had gone up since he left?"

A letter to the Chicago *Tribune* speaks thus of the present appearance of the house:

"Plain, unpretending, and substantial, it is the type of Mr. LINCOLN's character. The shrubbery in front of the house, principally rose-bushes, many of them planted by Mr. LINCOLN's own hand, are in full leaf; and a beautiful rose vine clambers up one of the door-posts, and trails over the cornice. Lilies are sprinkled here and there, and closely-shaven trim grass-plats run down to the neat picket fence surmounting the wall. The columns of the piazza at the rear of the house are also twined with vines and creepers; and the apple-trees between the house and the barns showered the ground with the pink and white of the blossoms, and filled the air with fragrance."


LINCOLN
HIS COUNTRY—LOVER OF HIS RACE
MEMORY OF THE JUST

MEETING OF CITIZENS AT JOHNSON SQUARE, SAVANNAH, APRIL 22, 1865.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY READING & CO., SAVANNAH.
[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



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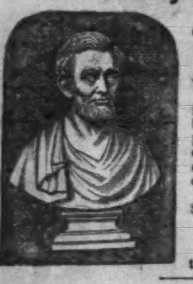

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3000 Gold, Onyx, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 60
3000 Florentine Mosaic and Coral Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
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5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry (variety of styles)	5 00 to 10 00
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6000 Plain, Chased, and Stone Set Rings	3 00 to 8 00
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100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches	each	$125 00
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6,000 Latest style Vest & Neck Ch'ns	"	5 00 to 20 00
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Diamond pins, brooches, and ear-drops, brooch and ear-drops, gold and coral, jet and gold, Florentine Mosaic, jet, and lava, ladies' sets, sleeve-buttons, sets of studs, vest and neck chains, plain and chased gold rings, gold thimbles, lockets, new style belt buckles, gold pens and pencils, fancy work boxes, gold pens with gold and silver extension holders, and a large assortment of fine jewelry, of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at $500,000. To be sold for $1 each *without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.* Distribution is made in the following manner: Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes, which are well mixed. One of these envelopes, containing the certificate or *order* for some article worth at least $1 at retail, will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cts. On receiving the certificate the purchaser will see what article it *draws*, and its value, which may be from $1 to $500, and can then send $1, and receive the article named, or can choose *any other* one article on our list of the same value. No blanks. Every purchaser gets value. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six certificates for $1, 13 for $2. Agents wanted. Send a stamp for a circular. All letters should be addressed,

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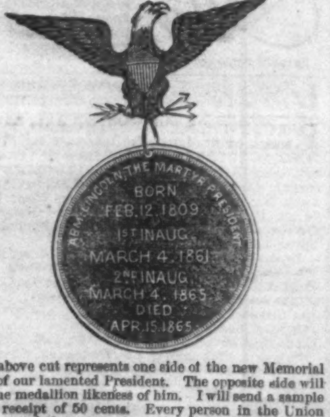

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2500 " Syrup Cups with Salvers	20	"	50
5000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	"	50
3000 " Castors	15	"	50
2000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	"	50
5000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	"	20
10,000 " " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	"	40
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	"	150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled-Case do.	35	"	70
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	"	70
200 Diamond Rings	50	"	100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	"	30
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	"	8
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	"	10
2,000 Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	"	20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	"	10
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4	"	8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	"	8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4	"	6
4,000 California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	"	10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	"	8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3	"	10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	"	8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	"	6
10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50	"	10
4,000 " " Magic Spring	10	"	20
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2	"	8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4	"	10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4	"	11
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	"	10
10,000 California Diamond Rings	2	"	10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5	"	15
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4	"	15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4	"	10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	"	10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	"	25
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Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

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No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

Great Gift Distribution.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

Employment for Ladies.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

An Elegant Watch in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands, and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's Handsome Vest Chain and a beautiful Miniature Gold Locket, to match, with Double Cases, Box, and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

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The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Thermometer, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect Storm, Heat, and Time Indicator. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* Double Hunting, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the Royal Engineers and *Officers* of the British Army, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
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LINCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1; then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a gold watch, diamond ring, or any set of jewelry on our list for $1, and in no case can they get less than a dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Five certificates will be sent for $1; 13 for $3; 35 for $6; 100 for $15. Great inducements offered those who act as agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars, sent with the certificate. Address

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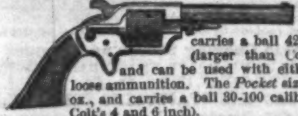
WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES in 42 days. Also Hair on Bald Heads in 8 weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Illinois.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S

Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—a degree of perfection never yet attained by any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds*. These arms have been adopted *exclusively* by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency are daily received from the Army and Navy, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), naming prices, sent by mail when required.

Merwin & Bray are also sole proprietors of the Ballard Breach-Loading Rifle and Carbine. These arms need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is so well established that the Public only wish to know where they may be *purchased*. These Rifles were used by Captains Crawford and Fisk on the Overland Expedition to the Pacific, under orders of the U. S. Government. The General Government and the State of Kentucky have about Twenty Thousand (20,000) now in active field service, of which the highest testimonials are received.

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P.S.—Important.—These Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

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PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

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The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags. Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

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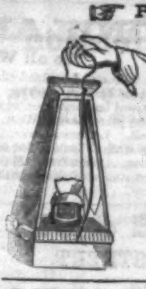
Use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. For sale by all Druggists. Price $2 per bottle. Send for circular.

PRICE REDUCED TO SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.



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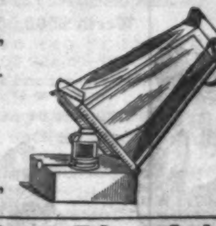

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$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

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AGENTS WANTED. Business light, pleasant, and honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from $15 to $20 per day net profit. Send stamp for Circular. Address P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, New York.

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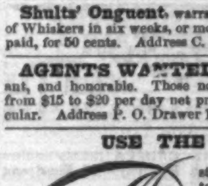

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The "Enamel" will remove the worst cases of Tan, Freckles, Pimples, or Sunburn, in from four to five days. It whitens the skin permanently, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion, which is perfectly natural, and without injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, for $1. Address E. L. SANFORD,
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WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES in 42 days. Also Hair on Bald Heads in 8 weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Illinois.

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In silver plate. New designs in black and white satin. Perfect Pictures, by mail, 25c., or 20 for $4, 100 for $17, or 1000 for $150. Mourning to last for 60 days. Send your orders at once. SALISBURY, BROTHER & CO., Providence, R. I.

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The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last 25 years convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes,

Old and Young. It is not new to the Doctor, but it is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person a year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will

Save Millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows:

Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength, and give

Vigor and Action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he has gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire

Preventive to Sickness in his case. Also another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

This Wonderful Preparation will increase the strength, give vigor and action to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains of all kinds—Bilious Colic, Diarrhœa, Diseases of the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Dyspepsia, Acidity of the Stomach, etc., etc.—its soothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

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Persons residing in any part of the country may adopt it with the utmost confidence as a timely, efficacious restorative.

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Ten Dollars per One Gallon.
Three Dollars per Bottle (Full Quart).
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One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles sent free by express on receipt of price. For sale every where. One ounce sample bottle mailed free on receipt of 30 cents postage. B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
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Would you sport a fine beard or mustache? If so, use The Prussian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Ville of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address

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